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NOTES.

THE Sirdar (who is to be created Lord Kitchener of Khartoum) has returned from his voyage with the gunboats up the Nile from Omdurman, having left Egyptian and British garrisons at Fashoda and at the mouth of the Sobat river. He found Major Marchand at Fashoda with a small Franco-Senegalese force, but the capacity in which the French officer is on the Nile, and the claim he makes to sovereignty there, are important points on which there is no information. In fact, all that our wonderful Foreign Office permits us to know on the subject is gathered from the Sirdar's reply to the congratulations of the City Corporation and from correspondents' gossip in Cairo. The Sirdar seems to have done and said the right thing—to have met Major Marchand courteously, welcomed him on Egyptian territory in the name of his sovereign the Khedive, and asked him to dinner. The fact that Major Marchand chose to fly the tricolor in an Egyptian town is as irrelevant as if he chose to fly it in London or in Cairo, and creates as small a claim to territorial rights. All is going perfectly well if only Lord Salisbury can be kept from meddling with it. There were indeed sinister rumours early in the week to the fact that the Foreign Secretary was arranging another climb down, but we do not believe them, for two reasons: in the first place English public opinion is too hot on the question of the Nile to allow him to negotiate a surrender, and in the second place the real decision lies not in the flabby and nerveless hands of Lord Salisbury, but in those of Lord Cromer, who is not in the habit of negotiating surrenders.

This Fashoda trip raises again the question of the Special Correspondents. We quite recognise the difficulties in the way of allowing free movement to the Specials during active operations, although we repeat that the methods adopted by the Sirdar throughout were vexatious, harassing and humiliating beyond all precedent. But by what right or authority did he force the correspondents to bundle up their traps and go down the Nile in a shockingly crowded and insanitary steamer immediately after the war was over? There were then no Dervishes to whom information could have been conveyed, no military movements or concentrations to be kept secret. Unless he suspected the correspondents of being disguised French spies, it was a sheer piece of arbitrary tyranny to refuse to allow them to make their way up the river or across country to Kassala. The idea obviously was, having failed in keeping them out altogether, to make their lives so burdensome and their work so useless to their papers that in future the semi-official Reuter shall be left in undisturbed possession. The list of petty affronts and annoyances recorded by Mr. Charles Williams, the doyen of the corps, in the "Daily

Chronicle" on Tuesday, is conclusive on this point, and unless the correspondents and their employers make a united effort the state of things in the future is likely to be made still worse.

On Monday, after four hours' deliberation, M. Brisson and his colleagues finally plucked up courage to do their obvious duty, and submit to the Criminal section of the Cour de Cassation the whole dossier of the Dreyfus case. The partisans of the *État major* are incoherent in their wrath at the idea of an illegally condemned prisoner being permitted an appeal to a court of justice, and M. Rochefort, in his best Simon Tappetit style, predicts that "human gore will flow in the streets of Paris for this"; but Paris remains profoundly unmoved, and the vast majority of the French nation, as distinguished from the clericals and the Orleanists and the noble army of spies and forgers who have been so noisy of late, seems quite relieved at the prospect of having light thrown on a very blackguardly business. We hope that M. Faure and M. Brisson will learn the lesson and will persist in their new course of paying attention to the demands of justice and the honour of the nation at large rather than to the bawling demagogues of the Drumont type. If this sensible course had been adopted months ago France would have been spared much disgrace and humiliation.

The powers of the Cour de Cassation in such a matter as this are practically unlimited. All the documents go first to the Procureur-Général attached to the Court, who in due time presents his conclusions to the President of the Criminal section, who, at present, is M. Loew, an Alsatian. Another of the judges is then chosen as reporter, and his report is made to the full Court, which proceeds to act as the justice of the case seems to demand. If this report declares that the trial of Dreyfus was legally and properly conducted, and that no "new fact" has since arisen to invalidate it, the matter is at an end. In the contrary case, the Court has power to examine and call for witnesses and documents, and generally to make a thorough and searching inquiry, including the *confrontation* of the prisoner. It may order, not the release of Dreyfus, as some of the papers have been saying, but his transfer from the *Ile du Diable* to a prison in Paris, where he can be examined and "confronted." In short, the Cour de Cassation has no power to "try" Dreyfus. It can simply inquire into the circumstances of his trial, or into circumstances that have arisen or come to light since; and if satisfied that justice was not done, the trial is quashed and the whole affair sent back to the competent Court to be begun over again. No time is being lost. M. Manan, the Procureur-Général has already taken the matter in hand, and is expected to have his preliminary report ready for M. Loew at the beginning of next week. Unfortunately we learn that

the Cour de Cassation has already determined to do nothing—that the whole business is, in fact, only one more proof that those in power in France are determined to make the innocent suffer for the guilty.

The news from China is bad, at any rate for a country that has a Foreign Secretary without a policy. All the reforms and promises and pledges of the past six months prove worthless in the face of the overthrow of the Emperor and of the reforming coterie who used him as their mouthpiece. The Dowager Empress is supreme, although, oddly enough, her favourite now seems to be Yung Lu, the Viceroy of Pechili, and not Li Hung Chang, who continues to keep in the background. All the best physicians from the provinces have been summoned by Imperial edict to dose the puppet Emperor, who is suffering from "increasing ill-health." This means that his murder is being arranged or has already been perpetrated, the terrible Dowager being a well-versed expert at that game. Kang, the head of the reform party, has escaped in a British steamer and is safe, but his supporters are being arrested wholesale and some have already been "executed." So long as the Emperor is alive and Kang is on our side there is an opening for the diplomacy of the strong hand; but, alas! the incubus at the Foreign Office forbids us to hope. It was on his own responsibility, apparently, that the British Admiral protected Kang from seizure and concentrated the fleet at Taku; but the tactics of Port Arthur have been repeated and the fleet has had to sail away again. Meanwhile, it is said that the Japanese fleet is displaying ominous activity. It is only a Shanghai report, but it is not destitute of probability and deserves to be recorded for future reference.

While the Government are presenting ultimatums to the Sultan and attempting to retrieve past blunders by a tardy show of firmness, considerable light is being thrown on the incapacity and mismanagement which have led to the present critical development of the Cretan question. Mr. Brailsford, who was commissioned by the Grosvenor House Committee to superintend British relief work in Crete, has had excellent opportunities of studying the situation, and the opinion he has formed as to the causes of the failure of our policy is nothing short of a wholesale condemnation. He has stated with a very convincing logic that the distress in the British sphere of control was principally due to the mismanagement of Colonel Chermiside and Sir Alfred Biliotti. The former, if Mr. Brailsford's account is to be credited, simply played into the hands of the Turkish authorities from the very beginning. The Admirals were ready to back him up in any course he liked to propose, but all he could recommend was a line of action designed, or at least calculated, to "vivify" the existing Turkish régime. The charges made against the British Consul, if true, convict him of an incompetence which is but one step removed from imbecility. The Government have always displayed a most remarkable faculty for picking out the least capable men to deal with the Porte, and therefore Mr. Brailsford's statements do not surprise us in the least. The only matter for wonderment is that the British public has been so long-suffering.

German and Austrian newspapers have been busy discussing the Anglo-German agreement. The "Pester Lloyd" looks upon it as the direct result of the Tsar's peace proposals. But the Berlin unofficial press takes a narrower view of the situation, and expresses the opinion that the understanding has direct reference to affairs in South Africa. As Mr. Chamberlain was the father of the idea, the latter supposition is the more reasonable. With Fashoda in view as an early move on the board, the Colonial Secretary's Birmingham 'cuteness suggested to him the utility of a German alliance. We wish it had also put a curb on his tongue during his trip to the States. It is scarcely in accordance with English tradition that a Minister of the Crown should discuss politics for the benefit of every newspaper which chooses to send round an interviewer. Advertisement is an excellent institution in its way. But Mr. Chamberlain should remember that as he

mounts the social ladder his methods will have to become less glaring; and in any case it is doubtful if a Cabinet Minister strengthens his position by putting himself perpetually in evidence. Mr. Chamberlain's anomalous position should keep him as much as possible modestly out of sight.

It is amusing to watch the efforts of the politicians in Ireland to attract a little attention to themselves in the period of profound peace that has settled down on the island. Their despairing agility reminds one irresistibly of the movements of an unhappy mouse under the receiver of an air-pump. The supply of oxygen—that is to say, of American dollars—is exhausted, and the jumps and shrieks of the distressed agitators are heart-rending. Mr. William O'Brien has founded a league all to himself in Mayo, and Mr. Davitt, Mr. Dillon and the others are trying in various ways to raise the wind—all of which only elicits from Mr. Healy some cynical remarks about "clap-trap" and the "shameful" practice of out-of-work politicians trying to "climb into power by duping their countrymen." Mr. Healy has "been there" himself and should know. At present, however, he recognises the fact that the day of hysterical rhetoric is gone, and that sober practical politics must take its place. As he put it in a very clever speech in Dublin on Tuesday night, it is now their duty to try to "translate sunburstery into statute," and we could not imagine a better motto for all honest Nationalists and Unionists who sincerely wish for the advancement of their country.

There is an interesting item of news from Japan this week to the effect that a high judicial official there has resigned "on account of the objections raised by the members of the Bench and Bar to his tenure of office on the ground of his unfitness for the post." How we wish we could send three or four of our judges to Japan! The Bench, the Bar and the public would all rejoice at their disappearance, and in Japan they evidently know what to do with bad judges, which unfortunately is more than we do here. We venture again to urge the Home Secretary to reconsider the case of the unhappy girl Shoesmith whom Mr. Justice Darling managed to sentence to death, and who still lies under sentence of penal servitude for life. If that is to be the only result of the Royal clemency we say, without hesitation, that it would be really better to let the poor girl hang and so be out of her misery. What possible object in this world or in the next is served by the perpetual incarceration of a girl for the act of one frenzied moment when hope for herself and for her child seemed at an end. She is not a habitual criminal nor a dangerous one, nor one homicidally inclined. She has already suffered punishment far in excess of her real guilt, and she should be released. For some time the Home Secretary, or some of his clerks—about whom we shall have something to say later—yielded to the judges whose desire for notoriety led them to deliver death sentences in every possible case. Recently, Home Secretary and clerks have shown greater humanity and courage. We hope they will persist.

The morning papers for some occult reason combined to boycott that very sensible letter on this subject, which appeared in the "Times" on Tuesday from the pen of our friend G. B. S. And yet it is a long time since we have seen a more trenchant and common-sense letter on an important subject. He points out the evil tendency that is growing more marked by intimidating or deluding juries into answering "a string of questions and facts," instead of permitting them to exercise their constitutional and legal right to bring in a simple verdict of guilty or not guilty on all the circumstances of the case. It is, he says, "an attempt to save our courts trouble by working our criminal law mechanically upon facts instead of upon the moral interpretation of human intention," a state of things that "tends to make government by law inhuman, abhorrent and finally impossible." That last phrase has a meaning in it that some of our judges and law-makers would do well to ponder. No one imagines that the average juryman is a better lawyer or a better sifter of evidences than the judge. It is to bring the "moral interpreta-

tion" of the facts into play that the juryman is placed in the box, and to deprive the juryman of all moral responsibility, as is now being systematically done by certain judges, is to sap to the very foundation of our jury system. Let juries develop a little backbone, and insist on their right in all cases to deliver a simple verdict of guilty or not guilty on all the circumstances of the case. Above all, we wish that strong-minded jurymen would systematically refuse to be "helped" by judges, especially by hanging judges; and consistently and habitually snub their would-be instructors as an honest juryman snubbed Mr. Darling a week or two ago.

Sir Arthur B. Forwood, who died on Tuesday last, was not so much the leader as the ruler of the Conservative party in Liverpool. He never argued; he only told people what to do, and was very much surprised if they did not do as he told them. It is doubtful whether there is now any one left in Liverpool who can hold the local party together, and it therefore seems more than probable that the present curious state of affairs, which results in the representation of Liverpool by six Conservatives and one Irish Nationalist, will not endure. The Liberals of Liverpool are not conspicuous for their ability or their energy, but with very little effort on their part they should win a couple of seats from the Tories at the next General Election. Sir Arthur Forwood's connexion with Liverpool was not altogether an advantage to the city. He carried through in his masterful fashion a conversion scheme for the municipal debt, which permanently placed upon the ratepayers an unnecessary burden, and he similarly forced upon the City Council a scheme for the purchase of the tramways undertaking at a preposterous price. But one thing he did during his mayoralty in 1877. He instituted gatherings of the citizens and their wives in the Town Hall, popularly known as "tea and coat-tails." These soon became an established institution, and led to the cessation of the orgies which had previously disgraced the Liverpool Town Hall.

Mr. Bayard's death has occasioned regret among nearly as wide a circle in England as in America. No ambassador in recent times has left a more striking impression on the people of this country. He came to England an absolute stranger, many even having forgotten that he was Mr. Cleveland's first Secretary of State. In England he became more popular than any of his predecessors, and that is saying a good deal. He had a perfect genius for after-dinner oratory, and was soon in request at philanthropic, learned and social functions of the most varied kind. His genial, clean-shaven, clear-cut face and snowy white head were familiar everywhere. He cultivated a peculiar deliberation of utterance, prompted by a fine literary instinct rather than to the diplomatic caution to which it was sometimes attributed. As a matter of fact diplomatic caution was not his strong point. He had a refreshing habit of saying quite frankly what he thought, and he carried this habit so far some three years ago as to rouse his enemies in the States to demand his impeachment. Mr. Cleveland naturally would not agree to this, because the head and front of Bayard's offending was the saying of flattering things of himself as president. Denied the privilege of arraigning him, his enemies introduced into both Houses of the Legislature, and carried, a motion of censure. If Great Britain and America are on the high road to a better understanding of each other to-day than has been the case for many years past, the credit rests in large measure with Mr. Bayard.

The case against the East London Water Company has been immensely strengthened during the week. We are afraid we cannot extend our sympathy to the shareholders who are deprived of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on their dividend. The receipts of the Company for an article which it has failed to supply have increased, and against the diminished dividend there is an augmented reserve. In the midst of a crisis during which its first thought should have been how best to utilise its resources in the discharge of a great public trust, the Company has been busy piling up profits. That the health of East London remains good is little short of miraculous.

Another gigantic conflict, which would have affected a third of a million miners and millions of others dependent on them, has been averted by the wise counsel of Mr. Pickard, M.P., the President of the Miners' Federation. The effect of the Welsh coal strike was to improve the prices in Yorkshire, Lancashire, and other districts, and the men demanded a 10 per cent. advance in wages. But another effect of the Welsh coal strike has been to remind the trade unionists that federated capital is practically certain to win in any set conflict. The masters point blank refused to entertain the idea of the 10 per cent. advance, but offered $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. On the prices obtained in 1898, as compared with those of 1894, the masters' proposal was not unreasonable. Yorkshire, however, was in a fighting mood, and only the vigorous representations and the advice of Mr. Pickard and certain of his colleagues in the Miners' Federation have prevented the men from terminating existing contracts.

The main interest of the English people in the late Queen of Denmark centred in her relationship to the Princess of Wales. Queen Louise was an amiable lady, mildly talented as an artist, frugal, homely and undistinguished. Her chief accomplishment seems to have been that of a match-maker; and her success in securing the heirs to the British and Russian thrones as sons-in-law was very striking. The Court of Denmark under her guidance steered clear of adventures, and was humdrum to the last degree. Her list of relations and descendants throughout Europe was almost as remarkable as that of Queen Victoria herself, whom she rivalled in her austere regard for the domestic virtues.

The latest exhibition of magisterial imbecility surpasses anything that has yet come to our knowledge. A man applied at Greenwich for a certificate of exemption under the Vaccination Act. He objected to vaccination on the ground that it was wicked, and declined to give any other reason. But this did not satisfy Mr. Mead, who could not accept such a ridiculous reason as a conscientious objection on the part of the applicant. The latter was naturally exasperated, and suggested that the magistrate was trying to avoid the Act. Upon this he was threatened with a committal for contempt of court; and ultimately, although the applicant declared that he objected to vaccination on the ground that it was blood-poisoning, Mr. Mead refused the certificate, because the man had stated vaccination to be wicked, and that was a reason he could not accept as a conscientious objection.

It is to be regretted that the "Daily Mail" should strain the privileges of smart and up-to-date journalism to the reporting of differences aired at a meeting of a private club. A well-known sporting club in the West End found it desirable to hold a general meeting at one of the Strand hotels, and the chairman very sensibly urged at the outset that the proceedings should be kept out of the press, regretting that on a previous occasion of a similar nature the "Daily Mail" had published the only account of what transpired. It is scarcely fair, perhaps, to blame the proprietor of that enterprising sheet for putting these "recognised methods" in practice, but for the member of the club (if it was a member—and who else could have entered the meeting?) who furnished the report, expulsion would be only a mild punishment.

M. de Rougemont has, save for his very remarkable and fluent retort to Mr. Carnegie, retired from the controversy. Like the Sirdar, he considers that his work is done. So, with certain reservations, it is. Great benefits have accrued to a certain magazine and a certain Daily; Professor Forbes, Mr. Louis Becke and some others have had the opportunity of making themselves somewhat ridiculous in a controversy that has been nothing if not undignified; and M. de Rougemont is to supplement his addresses to the British Association with popular lectures at St. James's Hall. Science is not one thought the wiser for his "revelations," and all his zoological and anthropological lore might have been compiled at the British Museum. In less than a year M. de Rougemont will be forgotten.

THE BETRAYAL OF BRITISH INTERESTS.

WE are sorry to have to return to the story of the miserable failure of our Foreign Office to safeguard British interests at Peking, but recent events there prove that we are still as helpless as we have been at any time during the past twelve months. In 1895, when Lord Rosebery's short-lived ministry collapsed from general debility, there was, it is not too much to say, a general feeling of relief amongst all those, independent of party, who make it their business to follow the course of foreign affairs. It was not so much that Lord Rosebery or even Lord Kimberley was distrusted personally; it was the ignominious traditions inherited by the Liberal Party from a generation of Gladstonian shuffling and backing out that made the Foreign Office under Liberal leadership dreaded by public-spirited Englishmen. Lord Salisbury, on the other hand, had not only the traditions of a great line of Tory foreign secretaries from William Pitt onward to inspire him; he had what few of these had—an absolutely free hand, a cabinet prepared to accept his word as law and a vast majority in Parliament and in the country eager to applaud his exploits in advance. The Unionist press was unwearied in calling attention to these unique advantages possessed by a strong and wise Foreign Minister, and Mr. Curzon only gave expression to the general feeling, not simply of the Tory Party, but of a larger section of the Liberals when he declared in effect that diplomatic complications and difficulties melted away at the very presence of Lord Salisbury.

That was in the autumn of 1895: in 1898 what do we find? The fumbling incapacity of Lord Salisbury is the subject of the bewildered protest of the entire Tory press, without any exception; here and there a Liberal Unionist organ may be found to suggest a feeble apology or an appeal for respite of judgment, but the tone of triumphant confidence is entirely gone. Our rivals abroad are making hay while the sun shines. Lord Salisbury's reputation has collapsed, and Mr. Curzon has prudently cleared out from beneath the ruins. Many causes have of course contributed to this, but the greatest of all has undoubtedly been China. England was prepared to accept the inevitable in Tunis and in Madagascar, in Burma and in Central Asia, but our influence in China was the one thing that was regarded as beyond assault. Yet to-day, as the net result of Lord Salisbury's diplomacy in the Far East, English influence in China has ceased to exist, the Russian faction is dominant, and sympathy with England on the part of a Chinese Minister—indeed, of the Emperor himself—is the sure passport to degradation and imprisonment. Our complaint is not simply that Lord Salisbury has not prevented these things. Any Minister may be forced to yield when circumstances are too strong for him. But he has, in his speeches, and in his dispatches, shown such an utter incapacity to comprehend the significance of what is going on in Peking that the nation is filled with dismay.

A few days ago it seemed for a moment as if a halt had been cried in the long series of British concessions and submissions. M. Pavloff was to depart from Peking; Li Hung Chang, much more than M. Pavloff the agent of Russia at the Court of the Emperor, was dismissed; British capitalists began to hope that one or two of the railway and other concessions they had obtained might at least remain to them. But Russian diplomacy and Russian intrigue are not in the habit of throwing up the game before it is lost. The support we should have given to the Emperor and his English sympathising adviser, Kang-Yu-Wei, was not forthcoming, and behold in the twinkling of an eye the kaleidoscope is changed and that it was a Russian hand that turned the wheel is not doubtful. The Emperor is deposed—probably murdered; Kang-Yu-Wei has to flee for his life with the tardy assistance of British ships; his companions are arrested and thrown into prison, whence they will probably never emerge, and the Dowager-Empress, the friend and patron of Li Hung Chang, once again ascends the throne. For a moment Great Britain enjoys the simulacrum of success; the next her interests are hurled aside and Russia appears once more triumphant behind the puppets whose strings she pulls at Peking. And where were all the enormous resources

of the British Empire at this critical moment. Lord Salisbury, who wields them, was leisurely returning home from his foreign journey. A few British ships made a journey to Taku and then journeyed back to Wei-hai-Wei. The friends of Great Britain at Peking, the whole of Great Britain's interests in China were in jeopardy, but Great Britain stood supine by. The Emperor, whose only crime is that he favours British interests, is thrust aside like a powerless child when he should have been maintained upon his throne by the might of Great Britain. Concerning his fate there is little room for doubt. Kang-Yu-Wei has said that when he fled from Peking the Emperor was in perfect health. Now his ill-health is increasing daily; the greatest physicians have been summoned from all parts of the Empire, no doubt in order to prepare the minds of the people for the announcement of his death; he is probably already dead, murdered because he is Great Britain's friend. His successor is already chosen, and Russia is no doubt laughing in her sleeve at the ease with which she has checkmated our designs. Such is the latest fiasco of Lord Salisbury's backboneless policy in the Far East. And worse remains behind. Unless, said Kang-Yu-Wei to the "Times" correspondent at Shanghai, protection is afforded to the victims of the *coup d'état*, it will henceforth be impossible for any native official to support British interests. Lord Salisbury had his chance and he has missed it again. He not only does not safeguard British interests; he even abandons Great Britain's friends. His failure is complete. England scorned to follow the example of Germany and of Russia and secure material guarantees. The integrity of China and the pledges of her government were relied upon. Where are they now? What is the value for instance of the "assurance" that Sir Robert Hart or an English successor should for all time remain at the head of the Customs? The truth is that our diplomacy in China since 1895 has been a lamentable failure, and the only man in England who seems incapable of recognising the fact is Lord Salisbury. Nor, we fear, is there much hope that Mr. George Wyndham will teach his chief self-knowledge.

THE SPY-AUTOCRACY OF FRANCE.

THE story told by the "Daily News" of M. Casimir-Perier's resignation throws an extraordinary light on the social and political life of the French Republic. There is no reason to doubt the accuracy of the information, which is stated to emanate from an authoritative source, and which is absolutely vouched for by the writer of the narrative. These inconvenient stories have generally a solid foundation of fact. The details are sometimes bald, and there are often unfilled gaps; but the solid kernel of truth is there. It has always been known that the Emperor of Germany took a strong personal interest in the Dreyfus case, and some people even went so far as to believe that the proof of the ex-Captain's guilt or innocence could be furnished by William II., in spite of repeated denials from Berlin and from the German Embassy in Paris. We may now take it, however, that the true version of the Emperor's connection with the affair is contained in the extraordinary revelations published by the "Daily News." From these it appears that the entire trouble, as far as Germany is concerned, arose from one of the most astounding acts, on the part of the French Government, which has ever occurred in the history of European nations. The personality of Dreyfus was never once in question; the Kaiser had a far graver charge to bring against the Republic than that of committing a judicial blunder. In 1894 Count Münster, the German ambassador in Paris, sent a detailed report of the Dreyfus affair to the Emperor. This document was stolen out of the Embassy bag before the courier had crossed the frontier, and photographed before it was replaced. A few days later the German Government received the information that a photograph of the dispatch was in the hands of the War Minister at Paris. It was made clear to the Berlin authorities that the Embassy bag had been violated on French territory, and that its contents had been immediately communicated to the French Government. A more flagrant breach of international law and usage it would be impossible to conceive. The messengers of a foreign embassy are as sacred as the

ambassador; and to tamper with the communications which pass between the representatives of foreign nations and their governments is as gross a breach of faith as an act of violence done to the ambassadors themselves. The German Emperor immediately instructed Count Münster to demand his passports; and thus France stood at the beginning of the New Year on the brink of war with her dreaded neighbour.

It is in the surprise and consternation of M. Casimir-Perier, who was then President of the Republic, that the most remarkable insight into the French political system is given. He is described as having been overwhelmed at the revelation of Count Münster which took place at the interview between them; he absolutely repudiated having had any hand in the disgraceful occurrence of which the ambassador complained; and he pledged his word as Chief of the State that his authority should be exerted to prevent the repetition of such acts in the future. The personal nature of the President's apology and the purely personal—one might say, unofficial—guarantees he offered are more eloquent than anything else could be of the nominal part he was allowed to play in the administration of the country. But a conclusive confirmation of the nominal character of the presidential office was given in the sequel. Count Münster's second report to the Emperor, containing an account of his interview with M. Casimir-Perier, was stolen and photographed in precisely the same manner as the former document. Again the German Ambassador paid a visit to the Elysée, and this time threatened an instant mobilisation of the German Army unless immediate satisfaction was rendered for the fresh insult. The utter helplessness of the French President was upon this occasion even more marked than before. He had not a jot of authority to do anything on his own initiative in the name of the Republic. The only course open to him was to make the affair once more a personal question. "Tell your Emperor," he said, "that this satisfaction shall be given to him by myself, the President, repudiating publicly such outrages committed against a Power at peace with France. I do not want to sacrifice my country; I will leave the Presidency. Pray his Majesty to be satisfied." It was, under the circumstances, the only thing an honest man could do. The strange part of the affair is that Germany should have been satisfied with such a remarkable act of compensation, which consisted simply in making a scapegoat of the one man who was least to blame. But an explanation can doubtless be found in the fact that Germany had nothing to gain by war, and caught eagerly at anything which would enable her to avoid active hostilities without loss of dignity. Therefore M. Casimir-Perier's sacrifice was accepted, and by his means France was saved from the greatest danger that has threatened her since 1870.

But what a France this historical episode has portrayed! The events of the last few years, the wholesale barter of orders and decorations, the Panama scandals, the revelations of political and judicial corruption, the canker in the heart of her vaunted army—these have shocked and appalled the civilised world, and have shaken the belief of Europe in the greatness of the French nation. And now we are beginning to grasp the threads of this complicated mass of corrupt elements in her social and political constitution. Each fresh fact that comes to light shows more clearly the rotten foundation upon which the national existence of France rests. The whole system is being more and more plainly revealed as a hideous engine of organized espionage. The President of the Republic, the Cabinet Minister, the Judge or other officer of State, are mere names—the figureheads that symbolise authority. It is the spy who governs France. Foreign relations, national defence, civil and criminal jurisdiction—all are in the hands of the degraded agents whom the French allow to be the dispensers of justice and the stakeholders of their country's honour. That France, of all nations in the world, with her noble traditions and the splendid achievements of her great men, should have permitted her institutions to sink into such a slough of base and vulgar intrigue is almost incomprehensible. But it is, perhaps, the greatest proof of her virility and genius that she has survived a number of blows, any one of which might have laid another Power in the

dust of humiliation. There is no political crisis through which she has not passed. In one century she has overturned four thrones; her last Republic has witnessed more changes of Ministry than it has lasted years. And yet no one can say of France that the lustre of her greatness has suffered more than a transitory dimming. The past has shown of what great things she is capable; and now that she has, in ordering the revision of the Dreyfus case, once more set her face towards the light, no one can foresee what she may not yet accomplish in the future. But it is indispensable that the first act of enlightened France should be to stamp out the iniquitous system which is mainly responsible for the deplorable condition of her affairs. Let her proceed as remorselessly against the spy as she has hitherto upheld him. Then, and then only, will the French Republic cover her own self-respect and the confidence of other nations.

THE REAL KENSIT.

THERE are not a few worthy people who are disposed to regard Mr. John Kensit, of Paternoster Row, as an honest fanatic, who sincerely believes that he is doing religion a service by disturbing the prayers and insulting the beliefs of his fellow-Christians from whom he differs on matters of more or less importance. There are other good folk who tell you that, while they are shocked at the methods adopted by Kensit and his gang of religious rowdies, they cannot but feel that they have brought about much good. Now, we wish to recommend these excellent souls to read two articles in "Truth" for last week and this. Mr. Labouchere has pricked a good many windbags in his time, but we are disposed to think that he has seldom done a better bit of public service than in revealing the real Kensit to the world. The protégé of Lord Grimthorpe now stands convicted of being the publisher and disseminator of literature of a surprisingly quaint sort. On his own showing, Kensit boasts that the sale of this curious stuff has greatly increased since it was denounced as indecent. Finally, this Protestant apostle and missionary appears as the secretary and boss of a society which exists, it would seem, for the simple purpose of purchasing his own publications for distribution, collecting hundreds of pounds in subscriptions, which are apparently spent in buying these publications, so finding their way into Kensit's pocket.

Mr. Kensit may, of course, have an answer to these grave charges, though we seem to remember that when some of them were publicly made at one of his meetings he had no satisfactory reply to offer. But if he does not meet and disprove them there is but one possible conclusion. The man is exploiting the Protestant boom for his own profit and for the sake of satisfying his colossal vanity. What is to be said of a person who, in the name of truth and under cover of zeal for the purity of religion, deliberately caters for the tastes of the foul-minded, and slaps his pockets with an impudent chuckle over the profit it brings him? He has just been allowed to address the Church Congress, by the generosity of the President and the liberality of Earl Nelson and other High Churchmen, who pleaded with a very hostile meeting to give the man a fair hearing. We must presume that the Bishop of Ripon and Lord Nelson had not seen last week's "Truth." Had they done so, failing a complete and satisfactory rebuttal of the assertions there made, it is scarcely credible that such men would have tolerated a Kensit on the Congress platform.

We have but little expectation that this exposure will end his career as a Protestant evangelist. There is no public so gullible as the religious public, and the militant Puritan section thereof is the most gullible of all. Only let a man be a sufficiently violent anti-Papist and he will find sympathisers from whom he can get money. The man Widdows, who served a term of penal servitude for a revolting crime, is still exploiting his "dear Christian friends," begging for money, and of course not in vain. But we want to know what the respectable patrons of Kensit, such as Lord Grimthorpe and the leaders of the Church Association, are going to do? The least that can be expected of them is that they will at once call upon their agent—for such he is, whether directly employed or no—to answer the

charges brought by Mr. Labouchere and to disprove his statements. Failing a satisfactory reply, they have but one course open to honourable men—publicly and definitely to dissociate themselves from Kensit and all his works. They must surely see that so long as this grave accusation remains unanswered he is likely to do their cause more harm than good.

It may seem strange, but in spite of all this we believe Kensit is in earnest, after a fashion. The records of religious movements show that such characters are not uncommon. It is very easy to persuade oneself that the end justifies the means; that there is no harm in making money, even in questionable ways, to be spent in support of the good cause, or in maintaining one's position as an advocate of that cause. Kensit is not the first who has tried to cast out devils by Beelzebub; to use evil in order to attack evil. The method, moreover, is often successful—for a time. Beelzebub will cast out his own species readily enough, if you are willing to pay his price. What he cannot do, if he would, is to keep them out. There is only one power which can do that; and so Kensit and his kind will some day discover.

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.—I.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

"IT was a bad blunder: I guess we won't be in a hurry to work up another war." This was the comment of a New York newspaper editor when he received the accounts of what the war had cost his paper. The adverse balance was \$250,000, and the only consolation to be drawn was the knowledge that the war must have cost his principal rival about a third more. They were the two papers that had been principally instrumental in bringing the war about, having spared no effort or expense to incite the lower classes of the United States since the blowing up of the "Maine." The time has now come when thoughtful Americans, looking back on the events of the past five months, may begin to estimate the profits and losses and see on which side the balance falls. There were only 279 Americans killed and 1423 wounded in actual fighting, while those killed by disease, criminally aggravated by the want of proper treatment or food, was 2086; and the estimated number of those stricken by illness was, in round numbers, about 40,000. With constitutions shattered and health permanently broken thousands of men are now struggling to their homes, having learned such a lesson that a generation will have to pass away before the memory of their experience will be sufficiently forgotten to induce the people to respond to a call for volunteers as they did this spring.

I left Santiago for New York a week after the town had surrendered. All through the war we had the greatest difficulty in getting news either by letter or through the newspapers. I was absolutely ignorant of the opinion in England, and hardly better informed about opinion in America in reference to the results or the conduct of the war. It was with great interest therefore that on our arrival in New York we looked up the files of the newspapers and periodicals, and gradually learned from meeting all classes of people in clubs, smoking-rooms, at dinner-tables, in railway-cars and hotels, got a good idea of what Americans thought of the war. The word "heroes" was in every column of the newspapers, but I could find little or no allusion to the reason which principally qualified the soldiers for that title, namely, the way in which they bore the sufferings inflicted upon them by their own countrymen in charge of the conduct of the war. Unstinted and indiscriminate praise was being lavished on every regiment, every commander and every ship. The people wanted to hear praise of their army and navy, and the papers gave them praise full and overflowing. Hardly a column of cool and reasonable criticism was to be seen. One paper did publish a dispatch in which the correspondent gave the true account of how some companies of the 71st Volunteers behaved at San Juan; how they lay down in the grass and refused to raise and advance; how their officers, moreover, refused to lead them, until finally the regulars, who were behind, had to march over their prostrate ranks. The morning this appeared a perfect howl of

execration went up, and the other papers seized the opportunity of abusing their rival. "Traitor," "Slanderer," "Calumniator," were among the epithets applied to the journal in question. The storm was too great to be withstood, and the obnoxious telegram was suppressed from the next edition. In an editorial an endeavour was made to explain the dispatch away. Then, to counteract its effect, they started a subscription list to raise a memorial to the heroes of the gallant 71st; but the harm was done, and the paper suffered a severe blow to its prestige and circulation. About a week or so afterwards the official report of the battle was issued by General Kent, whose division comprised the 71st regiment. In cold and soldierlike language General Kent's report bore out exactly the report of the battle as telegraphed by the correspondent, and now it was curious to see how these newspapers treated the report. It was of too great importance to be suppressed altogether; but, as a rule, the papers published it in small print in a back page, and it was absolutely ignored in the editorial columns. I merely give this incident to show the temper of the American people, which accounts for the way the history of the war is written. If I had not been through the campaign myself, I must say it would have been utterly impossible for me to have formed any true conception of the war from the daily and periodical literature published up to the middle of August. When war broke out every one knew that America was unprepared. War was declared on 21 April and on 22 June, nine weeks after, about 16,000 troops were landed at Daiquiri. Even with such an energetic and resourceful nation as the United States, it could not be expected that this expedition would be equipped in every detail such as we look for from countries that keep a standing army. That suitable uniforms for the hot climate were not ready, that the supply of tentage should be short and various—such things are not to be wondered at; but, on the hand, there were things that, making the fullest allowance for unpreparedness, were to be expected to be properly done, things which the American people and the American Army had the right to expect, and the failure to carry out these things is utterly inexcusable in the departments responsible. Santiago is only two days' distance, easy steaming, from Florida and three to four days from New York. When we recollect that the States are practically a supply store to the world for canned goods, soups and fruit, the army of invasion rightly expected to be properly fed. When the base was (after the first few days) only twelve miles from the fighting line the engineers ought to have been capable of maintaining one proper road with practical bridges over the streams that crossed it. When it was known that the invading army was entering Cuba during the rainy season and when hundreds of doctors were offering to volunteer in the States, there ought to have been a sufficient number on the spot; and there ought to have been a sufficient quantity of medical supplies. Surely the country was rich enough to provide them. There should have been a supply of ice for the hospitals—at least for the fever hospital, which was situated right on the sea-coast at Siboney. If instead of having over two months to prepare them there had been only two weeks, I see no reason why, with the unlimited money at command, these plain wants should not have been supplied. From the day of the landing of the troops, 22 June, up to 2 July, the army was advancing through a thickly-wooded country covered with a dense undergrowth through which in many places the men had actually to mow their way. Hills arose on all sides so that the air along the valley through which they advanced was hot and stagnant. The men were clothed in heavy uniforms utterly unsuited to the climate, and this greatly increased the labour of the march. Most of the soldiers threw away their heavy clothing, many even their blankets and ponchos or waterproof sheets; this, while giving them greater freedom of action left them completely unprotected against the heavy dews of night, or against the terrible tropical showers which occasionally swept down with fearful violence, giving them a foretaste of what the rainy season would be when it really set in. There were several severe skirmishes as they advanced, culminating in the battle of San Juan fought on 1 July.

All through this time, and particularly on the days when the fighting was hardest, the men were actually half-starved. On 30 June and 1 and 2 July the great majority of the men on the fighting line had to subsist on hard bread and coffee, and very frequently had not the time to cook the latter. When the few days' rations with which they had started from the coast had given out, the transport and commissariat department seemed unable to bring up any more from the rear. Many of the men in the fighting line had lost or thrown away the rations they started with. Several companies and regiments when going into action had piled up their rations in some place for keeping, and after the fighting, when they returned, they found that their Cuban allies had made a clean sweep of them. I know several companies of General Lawton's division who, after getting some bread and coffee on the morning of 30 June, had nothing else to eat, except possibly one or two dry hard tack until the fighting was over on the afternoon of 1 July. If the gallant rush made by the regulars on the heights of San Juan had been continued the trenches of Santiago might have been occupied that same afternoon; the Spaniards were thoroughly panic-stricken and fled from the heights of San Juan even on to the quays of Santiago, where they told the officers of the fleet that all was lost. But the American soldiers were unable to advance farther; they were thoroughly exhausted, principally for want of food, and even that night and the nights following, when they encamped upon the ground which they had so hardly won, they were still left without provisions, although thirty transport vessels laden with food were only twelve miles distant. One would have thought that when the hurry of this advance was over such a state of things would have ceased, but such was not the case. When they then settled down to besiege Santiago it appeared to me that there was always more danger of the besieging army being starved out than the besieged, and here was a wonderful instance of where sheer luck came to the assistance of the Americans and counteracted the blundering which certainly did not deserve such good fortune. From the time of the landing up to the taking of Santiago the sea along the coast was wonderfully calm. I have spoken to several sea captains as well as natives who know the coast well, and they all told me that as a rule at this time of the year a high surf is perpetually breaking along the coast, making landing at such places as Daquiri and Siboney utterly impossible. If they had experienced the usual weather it would have been impossible for boats to land from the transports. There is no pier at Siboney, the pier at Daquiri would be useless in the surf, and as the country produces nothing fit to eat except mangoes the American army would simply have starved. This is a point that seems to have been totally overlooked, but was a danger ever in the minds of those who were well acquainted with the country. For instance, a few days before the landing of the army, I was living in General Castalios' camp by the sea shore at Segua, and a couple of times as we sat smoking after dinner he pointed to the long line of musically falling breakers, and said to me, "I am more afraid of them for the Americanos than of a line of Spaniards."

Passing from the commissariat department, we may glance for a moment at the action (or, rather, want of action) of the Engineers. There was only one road between the base and the front, and so narrow that only at intervals could two waggons pass each other. There seemed to be no attempt to keep the road in repair: waggons would sink axle-deep in the ruts, which were filled with mud when it rained and with dust when the weather was dry. Along this road all the wounded had to be jolted back to hospital at Siboney, and so bad was it that one day being without a horse I got into a waggon, but after a short distance preferred to get out and walk ten miles into Siboney. This road was crossed by four fords which under ordinary circumstances were about knee deep, but with rain rose to torrents which ran breast high. I shall never forget some of the scenes at these fords; the men crossing by joining hands, often losing the whole of their kit. One night, after a heavy rain, orders were given to push forward the field guns to the front. It was a great sight to see the artillery

charging through the ford until finally a gun or a caisson would stick in the middle of the stream. I have seen a waggon rolling over and over down the torrent. In only one instance was any attempt made to bridge these fords, and as a matter of fact this bridge was not made by the Engineers. There was ample timber about of the most suitable nature and plenty of bamboo. The fords were short, and the building of bridges the most simple proposition possible. When I was coming home to New York after the surrender, I found that the transport that I was travelling on contained seven hundred feet of pontoons which had never been put on shore. This is a typical example of the sort of organization that existed. But the saddest instance of all the official blundering, and which should make Americans most thoroughly ashamed, is the Army Medical Department, with which I will deal next week.

(To be continued.)

HIGGINSON'S DREAM.

THE world went very well with Higginson; and about that time—say fifteen years ago—he found himself, his fortune made and the group of islands which he had, as he himself said, rescued from barbarism and on which he made the roads, opened the mines, started the chief industries, constructed the harbours, and generally acted either as Providence, or at least as the vicegerent of Providence—he found himself and these placed under French protection. Himself rich, décoré, respected and with no worlds to conquer in particular, he still kept on adding wealth to wealth, trading and doing what he considered useful work for all mankind in general, just as if he had been poor.

Strange that a kindly man, a cosmopolitan, half French, half English, brought up in Australia, capable, active, pushing, and even not devoid of that interior grace a speculative intellect, which usually militates against a man in the battle of his life, should think that roads, mines, harbours, havens, ships, bills of lading, telegraphs, tramways, a European flag, even the French flag itself, could compensate his islanders or still less compensate the world for loss of liberty, for the strange anæmia which comes to wild peoples by the mere presence of the white man in their midst, but so it was. Stranger in his case than in the case of those who go grown up with all the prejudices, limitations, circumscriptions and formalities of civilisation become chronic in them, and see in savage countries and wild peoples but dumping ground for European trash, and capabilities for the extension of the Roubaix or the Sheffield trade; for he had passed his youth amongst the islands, loved their women, gone spearing fish with their young men, had planted taro with them, drunk kava, learned their language, and become as expert as themselves in all their futile arts and exercises; knew their customs and was as one of them, living their life and thinking it the best. 'Tis said (Viera, I think, relates it), that in the last years of fighting for the possession of Teneriffe, and when Alonso de Lugo was hard pressed to hold his own against the last Mencey Bencomo, a strange sickness known as the "modorra" seized the Guanches and killed more of them than were slain in all the fights. The whole land was covered with the dead, and once Alonso de Lugo met a woman sitting on the hill-side, who called out, "What are you doing, Christian? Why do you hesitate to take the land? the Guanches are all dead." The Spanish chroniclers say that the sickness came about by reason of a wet season, and that, coming as it did upon men weakened by privation, they fell into apathy and welcomed death as a deliverer. That may be so, and it is true that in hill-caves even to-day in the lone valleys by Icod el Alto their bodies still are found seated and with the head bowed on the arms, as if having sat down to mourn the afflictions of their race, God had been merciful for once and let them sleep. The chroniclers may have been right, and the wet season, with despair, starvation and the hardships they endured, may have brought on the mysterious "modorra," the "drowsy sickness," under which they fell. But it needs nothing but the presence of the conquering white man, decked in his shoddy clothes, armed with his gas-pipe gun, his Bible in his hand; schemes of benevolence

deep rooted in his heart; his merchandise (that is, his whisky, gin and cotton cloths), securely stored in his corrugated iron-roofed sheds, and he himself active and persevering as a beaver or red ant, to bring about a sickness which, like the "modorra," exterminates the people whom he came to benefit, to bless, to rescue from their savagery, and to make them wise, just, beautiful, and as apt to differentiate evil from good as even he himself. So it would appear that, act as we like, our presence is a curse to all those people who have preserved the primeval instincts of our race. Curious, and yet apparently inevitable, that our customs seem designed to carry death to all the so-called inferior races, whom at a bound we force to bridge a period which it has taken us a thousand years to pass.

In his prosperity, and even we may suppose during the Elysium of dining with sous-préfets in Noumea, and on the occasions when in Melbourne or in Sydney he once again consorted with Europeans, he always dreamed of a certain bay upon the coast far from Noumea, where in his youth he had spent six happy months with a small tribe, fishing and swimming, hunting, spearing fish, living on taro and bananas, and having for a friend one Tean, son of a chief, a youth of his own age. The vision of the happy life came back to him; the dazzling beach, the heavy foliage of the palao and bread-fruit trees; the grove of coconuts, and the zigzag and intricate paths leading from hut to hut, which when a boy he traversed daily, knowing them all by instinct in the same way that horses in wild countries know to return towards the place where they were born. And still the vision haunted him; not making him unhappy, for he was of those men who find relief from thought in work, but always there in the same way that the remembrance of a mean action is ever present, even when one has made atonement, or induced oneself to think it was not really mean, but rendered necessary by circumstances; or, in fact, when we imagine we have put to sleep that inward grasshopper which in our bosoms, blood, brain, stomach, or wheresoever it is situated is louder or more faint according to our state of health, digestion, weakness, or what it is that makes us hear its chirp.

And so it was that cheap champagne seemed flat to him; the company of the yellow-haired and faded *demi-mondaines* whom Paris dumps on New Caledonia insipid, the villas on the cliff outside Noumea vulgar, and the prosperity and progress of the place to which he had so much contributed, profitless and stale. Not that for a single instant he stopped working, planning and improving his estates, or missed a chance to acquire "town lots," or if a profitable 10,000 acres of good land with river frontage came into the market hesitated for a moment to step in and buy. Now, though by this time he had long got past the time of actually trading with the natives at first hand, and kept, as rich men do, captains and secretaries and lawyers to do his lying for him, and only now and then would condescend to exercise himself in that respect when the stake was large enough to make the matter reputable, yet sometimes he would take a cruise in one of his own schooners and play at being poor. Nothing so tickles a man's vanity as to look back upon his semi-incredible past and talk of the times when he had to live on sixpence a day and to recount his breakfast on a penny roll and glass of milk, and then to put his hands upon his turtle-bloated stomach, smile a fat smile and say, "Ah, those were the days, then I was happy!" although he knows that at that halcyon period he was miserable, not perhaps so much from poverty as from that envy which is as great a curse to poor men as is indigestion to the rich.

So running down the coast of New Caledonia in a schooner, trading in pearls and copra, he came one evening to a well-remembered bay. All seemed familiar to him, the low white beach, tall palm trees, coral reef with breakers thundering over it, and the still blue lagoon inside the clump of bread-fruit trees, the single tall grey stone just by the beach all graven over with strange characters, all struck a chord long dormant in his mind. So telling his skipper to let go his anchor, he rowed himself ashore. On landing he was certain of the place; the tribe about five hundred strong, ruled

over by the father of his friend, Tean, lived right along the bay, and scattered in palm-thatched huts throughout the district. Then he remembered a certain cocoanut palm he used to climb, a spring of water in a thicket of hibiscus, a little stream which he would dam up, and then divert the course to take the fish, and sitting down, all his past life came back to him. As he himself would say, "C'était le long temps, pauvre Tean il doit être Areki (chef) maintenant; sa soeur peut-être est morte ou mariée . . . elle m'aimait bien . . ."

But this day dream dispelled, it struck him that the place looked changed. Where were the long low huts in front of which he used to pass his idle hours stretched in a hammock, the little taro patches? The zigzag paths which used to run from house to house across the fields to the spring and the turtle pond were all grown up. Couch-grass and rank mimosa scrub, with here and there ropes of lianas, blocked them so that he rubbed his eyes and asked himself where is the tribe? Vainly he shouted, cooed loudly; all was silent, and his own voice came back to him muffled and startling as it does when a man feels he is alone. At last following one of the paths less grown up and obliterated than the rest, he entered a thick scrub, walked for a mile or two cutting lianas now and then with his jack knife, stumbling through swamps, wading through mud, until in a small clearing he came upon a hut, in front of which a man was digging yams. As many of the natives in New Caledonia speak English and few French, he called to him in English, "Where black man?" Resting upon his hoe, the man replied, "All dead." "Where Chief?" And the same answer, "Chief, he dead." "Tean, he dead?" "No, Tean Chief, he ill, die soon; Tean inside that house." Then Higginson, not understanding, but feeling vaguely that his dream was shattered in some way he could not understand, called out, "Tean, oh, Tean, your friend Johnny here!" Then from the hut emerged a feeble man leaning upon a long curved stick, who gazed at him, as he had seen a ghost. At last he said, "That you, John, I glad to see you once before I die." Whether they embraced, shook hands, rubbed noses, or what their greeting was is not recorded, for Higginson, in alluding to it always used to say, "C'est bête, mais le pauvre homme me faisait de la peine." This was his sickness. "Me sick, John, why you wait so long, you no remember, no many years ago when we spear fish, you love my sister, she dead five years ago . . . when me go kaikai (eat) piece sugar cane, little bit perhaps fall on the ground, big bird he come eat bit of sugar cane and eat my life."

Poor Higginson being a civilised man, with the full knowledge of all things good and evil contingent on his state, still was dismayed, but said, "No, Tean, I get plenty big gun; you savey when I shoot even a butterfly he fall. I shot big bird so that when you go kaikai he no eat pieces and you get well again." Thus Higginson from his altitude argued with the semi-savage, thinking, as men will think, that even death can be kept off with words. But Tean smiled and said, "Johnny, you savey heap, but you no savey all. This time I die. You go shoot bird he turn into a mouse, and mouse eat all I eat, just the same bird." This rather staggered Higginson, and he felt his theories begin to vanish, and he began to feel a little angry, but really loving his old friend he once more addressed himself to what he now saw might be a hopeless task. "I go Noumea get big black cat, beautiful cat, all the same tiger—you savey tiger, Tean?—glossy and fat, long tail and yellow eyes; when he see mouse he eat him, you go bed sleep, get up, and soon quite well." Tean, who by this time had changed position with his friend, and become out of his knowledge a philosopher, shook his head sadly and replied, "You no savey nothing, John; when black man know he die there is no hope. Suppose cat he catch mouse, all no use; mouse go change into a big, black cloud, all the same rain. Rain fall upon me, and each drop burn right into my bones. I die, John, glad I see you; black man all die, black woman no catch baby, tribe only fifty 'stead of five hundred. We all go out, all the same smoke, we vanish, go up somewhere, into the clouds. Black men and white men, he no can live. New Caledonia (as you call him) not big enough for both."

What happened after that Higginson never told, for when he reached that point he used to break out into a torrent of half French, half English oaths, blaspheme his gods, curse progress, rail at civilisation, and recall the time when all the tribe were happy, and he and Tean in their youth went spearing fish. And then bewildered, and as if half conscious that he himself had been to blame would say, "I made the roads, opened the mines, built the first pier, I opened up the island, ah, le pauvre Tean, il me faisait de la peine . . . et sa soeur morte . . . she was so pretty with a hibiscus wreath . . . ah, well, pauvre petite . . . je l'aimais bien."

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

THE PATRIOTIC FUND.—I.

IT is reported that the Patriotic Fund Commissioners have informed the Admiralty officials at Devonport that they cannot grant any more pensions to widows out of the Russian War Fund. "From the whole country," says this report, "sixteen hundred applications were received. In the Western District eighty-three widows have been granted allowances and about three hundred in the rest of the country." We quote from "The Standard." The figures given are a little puzzling to us because the Patriotic Fund Report dated May last informed the public that up to that time the Commissioners had found 408 widows and placed them upon their "new General Fund"; but if "about three hundred" is taken as meaning 325, the statements would tally. We have little doubt of the accuracy of the report that the Commissioners "cannot grant any more pensions." It is perfectly consistent with the tone of the May report, and it is highly characteristic of the Patriotic Fund Commissioners.

These Commissioners are extremely jealous guardians not only of the original patriotic (or Russian War Fund) but of some seventeen other funds which have been placed in their hands. The aggregate capital of these Funds at the end of December last was close upon £900,000. But the Commissioners spent in relief under £40,000 last year, less than 4½ per cent. on the capital; in fact only five or six thousand pounds more than the nursed-up capital yields them in interest. It is on that principle of conserving funds raised for the relief of the widows and children of our soldiers, sailors and marines that the door is slammed in the faces of some twelve-hundred Crimean widows whom the Commissioners had themselves hunted up under the pressure of public and Parliamentary criticism and invited to share in the Fund subscribed by a sympathising nation nearly half a century ago. In the meantime the establishment nibbles away at the Fund. Mr. Finlaison's account of the liabilities shows a sum of £18,600 charged to capital to meet establishment charges and pensions. The expenditure account enables us to distinguish the annual charges under this head and to separate salaries and pensions from the "stationery, postage, &c." which are grouped with them in the statement of liability. Here are three items from the expenditure account:—

	£	s.	d.
Salaries—Office	1145	2	3
Gratuity to a clerk for extra and special services.....	115	0	0
Allowances to retired officers of Office staff	725	0	9

Here is an outlay of nearly £2000, or not very far short of the £2416 which represents the proportion of allowances to widows and orphans of officers on the principal or Crimean War Fund. The labourer is worthy of his hire, and it may be pleasant to think that those who are engaged in administering old-age pensions to others shall not themselves in their old age be without their retiring allowance. But the Crimean War Fund and its successors were not raised to provide offices and pensions for retired army men or others. A Select Committee of the House of Commons has placed on record their opinion "that it is the intention of the donors to a fund for a special calamity that the money raised should be expended on the sufferers." If the Patriotic Fund Commissioners do not see that the funds get to these sufferers in good time, they must not be surprised if the office of the

fund, the salaries of its officials, and particularly the pensions to retired members of the staff, should attract an unpleasant amount of attention from the outside public.

In the interests of the Patriotic Fund Commissioners themselves, and, what is of much more importance, in the interests of the soldiers, sailors and marines it is absolutely necessary that the administration of the Patriotic Fund should command the confidence of the public. The Patriotic Fund Commissioners are now empowered by statutory commission to ask and receive from the public contributions for the benefit of the widows and children of officers and men of the military and naval forces, and also to distribute these contributions in the way they think expedient. These are very comprehensive powers. And they are very responsible powers. No private charity can—perhaps, if the Commissioners did their duty, no private charity ought to—compete with a body armed with such a mandate, especially as the Commissioners are further possessed of a previous Royal order requiring "all authorities, civil, naval and military, to aid them in their work when called upon."

It is a public misfortune if for any reason the Commissioners are unable to exercise these powers through want of the confidence of the public. Have they got that confidence? Apparently not, for we read with amazement in the last, the thirty-sixth, report of the Royal Commissioners something which prepared us for the announcement made at Devonport. It was a letter from the Duke of Cambridge, the Chairman of the Commissioners, to the First Lord of the Admiralty and to the Secretary of State for War, declaring that the means of the Patriotic Fund are inadequate to discharge the dwindling liabilities of the remote Crimean War claims, and alleging "great difficulty" in even suggesting any means of supplementing the surplus of the Patriotic Fund. "They believe," says the Duke of Cambridge, "that an appeal to the public for subscriptions is not at the present moment advisable, for it may be urged that many additional widows might be relieved by the resources for relief of widows and orphans of sailors and soldiers administered independently of the Patriotic Fund Commissioners being joined to the resources under the administration of the Patriotic Fund Commissioners, as recommended by the recent Select Committee of the House of Commons, whose conclusions on this point were accepted both by the Government and by the Patriotic Fund Commissioners."

We may leave for the present the recommendations of the Select Committee and the interpretation put upon them by the Duke of Cambridge in this letter to Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Goschen. The point we emphasise is the incontrovertible one that Royal Commissioners possessing and virtually monopolising such ample powers confess themselves unable to use them. Whatever the reason they avow paralysis. An occasion has arisen when appeals to the public may have to be made again. The Commissioners are placed in a position to make it with all the advantage of statutory authority and official aid. But we learn from their last report that they are in fear of what the public may say; and who knows whether they will make it. Is their fear justified? From what we can learn it is. We do not hear that the recent inquiries have led to any remarkable revival of enthusiasm for the Patriotic Fund. We do not hear of any rush on the part of those in possession of what the Duke calls other "resources for relief" to throw those resources into the laps of the Royal Commissioners. We have on the other hand heard of men of the Services who are still indisposed to give the Royal Commissioners a single penny even if they do make public appeals. We do not want anything more than the Duke's own letter, coupled with the whole tone of the thirty-sixth report, to confirm the lamentable impression that the Royal Commissioners of the Patriotic Fund are still a long way from having conquered the confidence of the public. But we may look out for positive censure, now that so many widows invited to apply for aid have been turned empty away. And it is not the Crimean War service widows alone that are in question. Between May, 1897, and May, 1898, the Commissioners acknowledged that

they had received between two and three thousand applications for relief, whereas only 1600 have come from widows of Russian War service sailors, soldiers and marines. What about the remainder of the applications? The Commissioners are bound to discharge their responsibilities as almoners promptly and completely or throw down their commission. What these responsibilities are, how they have discharged them, and whether they dare appeal to the public under their present system and with their present capital it will be more convenient to discuss in a future article.

"MACBETH" AND MRS. KENDAL.

SHAKESPEARE had his short-comings. Love of him does not blind me to his limitations and his faults of excess. But, after all, the man is dead, and I do not wish to emulate that captious and rancorous spirit—inflamed, as it often seemed to me, by an almost personal animosity—in which my predecessor persecuted him beyond the grave. *Nil de mortuis nisi bonum*, say I: else, what is to become of the classics? In that they were directed against one who could not defend himself, I regarded Mr. Shaw's attacks as cowardly; in that Mr. Shaw was a dramatist himself, I regarded them as suspect. Yet would I have heartily approved of them, had I imagined that they would induce managers not to revive certain of Shakespeare's plays quite so frequently. But I have just said that defamation of the dead will tend to destroy the classics. And so it may, if it be used discreetly. And, if it do, so much the better for Shakespeare. When a play has become a classic in drama, it ceases to be a play. It may become a classic in literature without any detriment to itself, but, when it becomes also, like "Hamlet" or "Romeo and Juliet" or "Macbeth," a classic in drama, all, if I may be allowed to say so, is up with it. One of the reasons for the recent success of "Julius Cæsar" was that so few persons had ever seen "Julius Cæsar" acted. The characters and the situations were moving and impressive, were, in a word, dramatic, because, not having seen them more times than one would care to count, one did not know them all by heart; one saw the play as a play and so derived æsthetic pleasure from it. Now that the dramatic qualities of "Julius Cæsar" have been demonstrated, it will be revived often in various theatres. Seeing how good are the parts of Antony, Brutus and Cassius, eminent actors will always be seizing an opportunity to play them. The thing will become a classic in drama, and one will be able to regard it only as a vehicle for acting. One will be as deadily familiar with the forum-scene as with the screen-scene in "The School for Scandal," or the balcony-scene in "Romeo and Juliet." All its dramatic savour will have been lost. Its interest will be merely histrionic:—"is Mr. * so powerful as **?—you never saw **? Ah, what a performance! Not so subtle as ***'s perhaps—but oh! the way he said 'Was this ambition?' He just put his hand in his toga and—why, * holds his hand straight in front of him—misses the whole point of it! For my own part, I always thought that, in some respects, ****'s idea—" . . . Nothing could be drearier than this kind of comparative criticism; yet a classic play makes it quite inevitable. The play is dead. The stage is crowded with ghosts. Every head in the auditorium is a heavy casket of reminiscence. Play they never so wisely, the players cannot lay those circumambient ghosts nor charm those well-packed caskets to emptiness. "Hamlet" and "Romeo" and "Macbeth" can be revived, but not in the literal sense of the word: live again they do not, nor will they ever do so, unless all managers—metropolitan, suburban and provincial—enter into a solemn compact not to revive them for a period of (say) thirty years. Give us but time to forget them and their interpreters, and then they will once more be plays. At present they are but so many parts and so many scenes, so many tests and traps for eminent mimes. For the sake of those mimes no less than for the sake of Shakespeare, let all managers forthwith enter into the compact which I have suggested.

Of all Shakespeare's plays, "Macbeth" is, perhaps, the most often enacted. It is the only one that contains

two great parts, each of which, susceptible of many interpretations, can be equally well fitted to the temperaments and methods of various mimes. According to Aubrey the play was first acted in 1606, at Hampton Court, in the presence of King James. It is stated that Hal Berridge, the youth who was to have acted the part of Lady Macbeth, "fell sudden sicke of a pleurisie, wherefor Master Shakespere himself did enacte in his stead." One wishes that Aubrey had given some account of the poet's impersonation. It would be amusing to know Shakespeare's own view of the part—more amusing, however, than valuable, for the actor is the interpreter of the dramatist, and the creative artist is always the least competent interpreter of his own work; besides, as I have said, there can be no final or binding interpretation of so complex a part as Lady Macbeth. Different actresses will always act the part in their different ways, and every way will have its champions among the critics, and every champion will have right on his side. Meanwhile, I find the Macbeth controversy rather tedious. Most critics of the latest production have been talking nonsense about the *zeitgeist* and about neurotic subtlety and Pre-Raphaelitism and all the rest of it, as though the play had hitherto been acted only on the blood-and-thunder convention of Mrs. Siddons. Mere fallacy! We may be sure that "the gentle poet-philosopher" himself acted in much the same way as Mrs. Patrick Campbell or, for that matter, Miss Ellen Terry. In Pepys' diary, too, there is certain evidence that Mrs. Knipp's famous impersonation was of much the same kind as that which our critics suppose to be a strange phenomenon of 1898. "Thence to the Cockpitt Theatre," writes Pepys in the autumn of 1667, "to witness my dearest M^{rs} Knipp in the Tragedie of Macbeth, than which as I did this day say to M^r Killigrew I do know no play more diverting nor more worthie to the eye. Did secure a prime place in the pitt, whereof I was glad, being neare under my Ladie Dorset and her good husband. The latter did twice salute me with effusion, and I was pleased to note that those around me perceived this. Methought M^{rs} Knipp did never play so fine, specially in the matter of the two daggers, yet without bawl or overmuch tragick gesture, the which is most wearisome, as though an actress do care more to affright us than to be approved. She was most comickal and natural when she walks forth sleeping (the which I can testify, for M^{rs} Pepys also walks sleeping at some times), and did most ingeniously mimick the manner of women who walk thus." Obviously, then, the critics are wrong in regarding Mrs. Campbell's performance as something peculiar to the spirit of this generation. In the sleep-walking scene, Mrs. Campbell was not "comickal," but she was very "natural," and throughout the play she made her appeal to the sense of beauty and to the intellect rather than to the sense of terror. Mr. Forbes Robertson acted in a similar way. Both took the line laid down for them by their natural method. I thought that both performances were very beautiful. It does not matter in what method Macbeth and Lady Macbeth be played, so long as they be both played well in the same method. A violent Lady Macbeth and a gentle Macbeth, or *vice versa*, would be a nuisance. Mrs. Campbell and Mr. Forbes Robertson act in perfect harmony. Mr. Tabor is most admirable as Macduff. Indeed, the whole production is a great success. I trust that it will be the latest production of "Macbeth" for many years to come.

At the St. James's are Mr. and Mrs. Kendal. It is a superfluous task to write a panegyric on one whom every one is praising, and so let my panegyric be taken as written. I will merely say that Mrs. Kendal stands alone, on a plane far above any other English actress, and that to see her act is a very exquisite pleasure, which none should forego. I hope that Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will not return to the provinces at the end of their present season. Surely, among all the theatres in London, one theatre can be found for them. Otherwise, I and other lovers of perfect acting shall be compelled to follow them, at great personal inconvenience, round the provinces.

Mr. Wyndham has returned to the Criterion. His spirit seems to be unbroken by the interminable run of

"The Liars," for he plays his part as brilliantly and as cheerfully as ever. Nevertheless, I hope that he will inaugurate the next century with a new play. MAX.

FATE AND FASHION: THEIR TREATMENT OF MAN.

ONE by one in light-hearted procession Life's ambitions go by us and pass out of sight. Often their actual progress is unremarked, and it is only after many days that we learn the truth. Then, at last, we know that some other fancy of youth has vanished with the rest. A little looking backward, a brief scrutiny of the present, and we find ourselves regarding with no very heart-rending-sorrow a loss that, but a brief while since, we judged might not befall us without some considerably graver sense of grief.

Regarding the question how you will, this gay relinquishment of much-worshipped ideals is little short of a tranquil confession of failure. It is therefore curious to compare the stoic, even cynical, attitude of thought attending such momentous losses with the deep feeling of sorrow consequent upon calamities in reality of somewhat less serious concern. I allude especially to the changes to which fashion yearly accustoms us: to changes both of manner and dress, but more particularly in the matter of personal adornment. One parts cheerfully with the notion of a seat in the Cabinet or the Lord-Chancellorship. Life without these high offices still appears to be filled with a multitude of interests: even the State itself does not seem in any way sensible of the loss it has sustained, the golden chance overlooked. But that there is no hope of a revival, at least for many years to come, of the sprigged Tambour vest is a realisation which impresses one with some idea of Life's emptiness, a clear perception of a barren outlook.

By the few who are so unfortunate as to possess an eye ready to observe the absence of the picturesque, it will not be denied that the history of English costume for the last century or more is nothing but a sequence of changes needlessly for the worse. As though in excuse we strike ourselves significantly on our insignificantly clad chests and boast of our energy, our educated taste, and our love of sport, for all the world as though eighteenth-century beaux were altogether lacking in these qualities.

I take it that this can hardly have been the case. Readers of Mrs. Mannington's delightful "Tunbridge Tattle"—a volume now, alas! very scarce—will possibly recall, as an instance of courage and perseverance, an anecdote related of Orlando Wray. It seems that this eminent "blood," who led Fashion when the younger Pitt was in power, laid a wager to tie cravats against Lord Cr-gh-n (possibly James, third Viscount Croghan) at a guinea apiece. Mr. George Selwyn was very fittingly chosen as judge. The match lasted for close on nine hours, and they were level when the final round was called. Amidst intense excitement Orlando Wray won it by a short crease. In Squire Meynell's country he was a well-known "thruster," and his success was attributed, no doubt with some justice, to his excellent condition. It was admitted, however, that Lord Cr-gh-n, though he had crumpled his twenty-third most distressingly, produced a masterpiece with his forty-second and again with his forty-fourth; and that he had been somewhat handicapped by the fact that his leading valet had fainted in assisting his lordship to adjust his fifty-ninth. Orlando Wray made frequent use of a method hitherto almost unknown, combining the ease of the "Osbaldistone" with the elegance of the "Mail-coach" of a later period. It is said that a Mr. George Hawley won close on 300 guineas over the match, which was the talk of the Pantiles and of Crockford's for near a week.

This picture of the two tireless enthusiasts sitting hour after hour, back to back, each before his shapely Sheraton glass and practising what is now a dead art, is surely a sorrowful but valuable study in an age which denies us the possibility of any such elegant accomplishment. And perhaps the saddest reflection of any is that we have gained nothing from Fashion for all that Fate has stolen. At most they fling us in return but a brief couple of hours or so in a day to be applied to the occupation of dressing. Each season brings to us the

downfall of some historic and absolutely useless adjunct to our costume. We cry aloud. But in spite of our eager lamentations the sword-belt buttons, even the very lapels will be shorn from off our coats.

I am led to this conclusion by the rumoured decline of the regard in which Fashion for more than a century has held the elaborately inconvenient but altogether admirable top hat. Where, now, are the gracious curves of the "Turf"? And where the straighter reticence of the "Tilbury"? Slowly the top hat is becoming as extinct as the cavalier's plumes.

One indignantly wonders when Fashion, excitedly shrieking for change, and Fate coldly insistent on utility, will cease to exact such enormous sacrifices. It is little consolation to reflect that Fashion runs in a cycle and that Fate turns a wheel. We may live, it is true, to see matters a degree worse. We may deliberately encase ourselves in workmanlike costumes of painted, unwearable tin. Possibly for some of us the cycle may run round once more to plain paint. But at least we are unable to comfort ourselves with any hope of Fashion's cycle revolving even fast enough to give us once more the poetic simplicity of the sheep-skin. At least we find it difficult to forgive Fate for sending us an age when emblazoned tabards are no longer necessary.

These remarks, it should be explained, have no reference to the attire of the fair sex. For, in an odd spirit of injustice, the relentless pair have done nothing to destroy the beautiful and picturesque in woman's dress. By some magical influence of Fate there was never a mode with them of all Fashion's countless changes that was more becoming than the particular one at any moment in vogue. It was true centuries ago of Boadicea's beaten breastplate; and as lately as the Sunday morning before Goodwood. A. S.

MONEY MATTERS.

THERE has been little activity in any department of the Stock Exchange during the week, and changes have been slight and irregular. Nevertheless the tone of the market has been fairly strong and it seems as if the effect of the latest political scare has almost disappeared. The decision of the French Ministry to refer the question of revision in the Dreyfus case to the Cour de Cassation has led to greater confidence on the Paris Bourse, and public opinion in the French capital is perceptibly calmer in spite of all the efforts of the Anti-Semites and the wilder partisans of the Army. The Fashoda question has also passed into the hands of the diplomats, and is not now likely to lead to any collision between England and France, although it does not admit of doubt that the English Government will insist on Major Marchand's withdrawal. In South Africa the lease of Delagoa Bay to England is probably already settled, whilst all danger of trouble in South America between Chili and Argentina over the boundary question seems to have disappeared. Concerning affairs in China at present information is decidedly lacking, but the return of the Empress-Dowager to power is not calculated to promote British interests there. The haste with which the Emperor was setting about such reforms as the cutting off of pig-tails would no doubt have disturbed seriously the unstable equilibrium of the Empire, but he certainly seemed to be more on the side of Great Britain than of Russia. Anyway, starving brokers and impecunious jobbers are now hoping that the nervous public, which flees from the Stock Markets as from a pest at the slightest cloud on the political horizon, will soon again enter the marketplace to buy and sell.

The Money Market has not yet recovered from the shock of the sudden rise in the Bank rate last week and from the heavy borrowings of the Bank, which made the rate effective. There has been a great pressure for money through the week in the short loan market and day to day advances have been charged up to the full 3 per cent. of the Bank rate, as against $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. a week or two ago. The tightness of the market, due to the end of the quarter requirements and the demands for the Stock Exchange settlement, will in all probability disappear at the end of this week, and the release of dividends will bring about an abundance of money

and consequently lower rates. In America the position is distinctly easier and the United States Treasury has taken steps to set free a portion of its large gold balances. The Bank of England return for the week shows a weaker position, but this is only the normal condition at this particular period. The total reserve has fallen £1,032,454, and the proportion of reserve to liabilities $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. to $47\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. In the corresponding week of last year the decrease in the reserve was £1,331,000. Only £334,000 of bullion has been taken for export, but there has been the usual outflow of currency to the provinces. The market has been borrowing heavily from the Bank, as is shown by the increase of £2,797,389 in "other" securities. The Bank rate remains unchanged at 3 per cent., but outside rates for three months' fine bills are somewhat weaker at $2\frac{1}{4}$ per cent.

The settlement in Home Rails showed no marked changes in the list, and in spite of bankers' charges being higher than at the mid-monthly settlement, carrying over rates were not appreciably stiffer. The speculative position is very small in this department. A number of stocks were carried over at even, and in Great Westerns and South Western Deferred a small "back" was exacted, whilst in no case were heavy contangoes charged. Making up prices showed only one rise in Home Railway stocks, but the declines were in no case of great importance. Changes during the week have also been slight, the monetary position and political influences leading to an almost absolute lack of activity in this as in other markets. Traffic receipts were not very satisfactory, the Midland losing £10,364 of the £20,953 increase in the corresponding week of last year. The Great Western still shows a big decrease, and even the Great Eastern is on the wrong side. The North-Western, however, reports an increase of £6241, and the North-Eastern of £7808. The only item of important news forthcoming is with regard to the changes which are to be made on the South-Eastern and Chatham lines, as a result of the new working arrangement. Maidstone is henceforth to be on the main line, and the new manager, Mr. Willis, hints at an early improvement in the Chatham rolling stock. No one will deny the necessity for a change in this direction. Some attention has also been aroused by the acceleration of the Brighton expresses. The fifty-one miles are now to be covered in one hour, an achievement which is no doubt wonderful on a southern line, but one at which the northern companies must be rather inclined to smile.

NET YIELD OF HOME RAILWAY STOCKS. ENGLISH RAILWAYS.

Company.	Dividends 1897-8.	Price 28 Sept.	Yield p.c. £ s. d.
Great Northern "A"	$2\frac{1}{8}$	52	4 1 8
Midland Deferred	$3\frac{3}{8}$	85	3 19 4
Brighton Deferred	7	$176\frac{1}{2}$	3 19 3
Great Northern Deferred ...	$2\frac{1}{2}$	55	3 16 2
South Eastern Deferred ...	$3\frac{3}{4}$	106	3 13 1
North Eastern	$6\frac{3}{4}$	$175\frac{1}{2}$	3 12 6
North Western	7	$198\frac{1}{2}$	3 10 7
Lancashire and Yorkshire ..	$5\frac{1}{8}$	147	3 9 9
Brighton Ordinary	$6\frac{3}{8}$	185	3 8 11
Great Northern Preferred ...	4	$119\frac{1}{2}$	3 6 11
South Western Deferred ...	3	$91\frac{1}{2}$	3 5 6
Metropolitan	$3\frac{1}{4}$	125	3 0 0
South Eastern Ordinary ...	$4\frac{1}{8}$	152	3 0 0
Midland Preferred	$2\frac{1}{2}$	$83\frac{1}{2}$	2 19 8
Great Eastern	$3\frac{1}{4}$	$118\frac{1}{2}$	2 19 1
South Western Ordinary ...	6	226	2 18 6
Great Western	$4\frac{1}{2}$	$166\frac{1}{2}$	2 17 1
Great Central Preferred ...	$1\frac{1}{2}$	61	2 9 2

American Rails have now entered upon a period of hesitation, and, though making up prices on Tuesday still showed some improvements, it is clear that the big rise which was engineered on the other side is practically at an end. Carrying over rates were generally about 1 per cent. higher than a fortnight ago, and even Milwaukee, which last time, owing to the "bear" account which had been piled up, paid a backwaddation, this time paid a contango of 2 per cent. The biggest rise during the account was one of $3\frac{1}{8}$ in Central

Pacifics. Northern Pacific Common rose the same amount, Union Pacific $3\frac{1}{8}$, Baltimore and Ohio Common $2\frac{1}{8}$, Union Pacific Preference 2, and a few other Stocks smaller amounts. Milwaukee at 113 were unchanged, but Louisvilles, Norfolk Preference, Wabash Common, Denvers and some others showed declines. Canadian Pacifics were a trifle better, and Grand Trunks a little lower. Changes on the week have been irregular and of no importance either way. For the moment, activity is practically suspended in this market.

In the Industrial Market there is practically no speculative position open, and investment business is equally at a standstill. No wonder, therefore, that brokers and jobbers are all anxiously looking forward to the new issues which are only waiting for a favourable moment to offer themselves to the public. The holidays are now practically at an end, and it is expected that the lull in joint stock enterprise will soon give place to that activity which dealers love and by which they live. It is known that several big undertakings are quite ready for presentation to the public, but the Hooley disclosures and the general unfavourable conditions have made promoters nervous about introducing their flotations. An attempt has been made to talk Lyons shares up higher, but in view of the dividend prospects the present quotation of $£4\frac{1}{2}$ is quite high enough and, indeed, too high. Liptons are still being supported, and seemed to be scarce at the settlement, but they have since fallen. The market believes that the Company is likely to meet with very severe competition before long in several departments of its business.

We are watching with considerable interest the progress of "Manchester Liners, Limited." It will be remembered that this steamship company was formed last May for the purpose of running large cargo-carrying boats direct to and from the port of Manchester." At the outset the liners are exclusively employed in the rapidly-growing Canadian trade, though, if this is successful, future developments in direct-carrying from other countries may be expected to follow. The share capital of "Manchester Liners" is one million sterling, of which £10 shares, Preference and Ordinary, to the amount of £350,000, were issued and at once taken up, chiefly, we believe, in the North. The directorate consists of exceptionally practical and influential men, with large stakes in the concern. Here, therefore, we have a strong and vigorous company making a bold bid to use the Ship Canal profitably and to such purpose as will prove its value to the whole commercial world. The success or failure of such a project should become a safe guide in estimating the future chances of Manchester's great waterway. It is cheering, therefore, to be able to state, from inquiries we have just made, that the voyages already completed have resulted satisfactorily, and the Company's business is being vigorously pushed ahead. Already the two boats purchased from Messrs. Elder, Dempster & Co. are running with regularity between Manchester and Montreal. The "Enterprise" has just returned from her third voyage, and the "Trader" is now out on her fourth. So far all has gone well. The vessels have carried good cargoes outwards, returning with general Canadian produce, and—most important and significant item—a number of cattle for slaughter in the new Corporation lairages. If this should lead to a direct cattle trade being ultimately centred in Manchester, a great advance will have been made.

In about a month's time the "City of Manchester," now building, will be ready for the service. This steamer is 461 feet in length, and has a dead-weight-carrying capacity of about 10,500 tons as compared with the two 8500 ton boats now running. Two more steamers of 7250 tons will be completed in April or May next, two of 6350 tons are building for delivery to the Company in May or June, and two sister ships to the "City of Manchester" will be ready next autumn. All these vessels are designed to steam about thirteen knots, and will be as first-class cargo boats fitted with electric light and the latest improvements in accommodation for cattle. This is an extensive programme and

far exceeds that originally set forth in the prospectus. As we said before, it is a bold bid for success; but, we must add, a bid obviously attended by grave risks. It is an open question whether a regular service can be maintained all the year round. It remains to be seen how vessels 460 feet in length will make the fateful passage of the Canal. Hitherto, we believe, no ship beyond about 370 feet in length has successfully attempted it. Against this may be set the opinion of a captain of great experience who, after a careful survey, recently expressed the opinion that, given two good tugs, a steamer of fully 500 feet could be sent up to Manchester with perfect safety. But even if this cheery confidence is well founded there are the long months of winter, with their short days, fogs, and harassing side gales to be weathered. The difficulties of ocean navigation are but slight compared with those of the Canal, where the slightest deviation from an almost mathematically true course may lead in a moment to grounding or collision, and involve such delay and expense as to render the enterprise impracticable. Such are the dangers ahead and the fleet which is being equipped to contend with them. The public, as well as the shareholders, will assuredly follow with friendly interest the fortunes of an undertaking which aspires to do so much and so well deserves to succeed.

It is odd that inventors did not long ago turn their attention to the improvement of windows, the old form of which is not only inconvenient in every way, but full of danger to the unfortunate persons whose duty it is to keep them clean. It is not generally known that some 500 persons are killed annually through falling whilst cleaning windows. At last, however, one inventor has taken the matter seriously in hand. Mr. Youlton has produced a window-fitting, which is not only very much more convenient in use than the old form, but which makes it possible to clean both sides of the window from the inside of the house, and thus renders accident quite impossible. The "N. A. P.," or "National Accident Prevention" windows, by a series of devices as simple as they are ingenious, can be turned quite round both at top and bottom, and afford greatly improved facilities for ventilation as well as for cleaning, whilst the initial cost is in practice not appreciably higher than that of the clumsy and dangerous form at present in almost universal use. Moreover, the invention includes an arrangement by which, at a very small cost, ordinary windows can be made reversible, so that they may be cleaned from the inside. For the past two or three years a small syndicate has been engaged in putting the N.A.P. windows to the test of practical use with complete success. A very large number of architects of the highest standing have approved the invention, and it has already been adopted in numerous important buildings throughout the country. Very complete arrangements have been made by the syndicate for the supply of the fittings, and the business may now be considered thoroughly established and organized. Next week we understand that the undertaking will be placed before the public as the N.A.P. Window Company, Limited.

The cycle industry still remains in an utterly depressed condition in this country, and shows no signs of an approaching revival. Before this can be brought about there will have to be a considerable writing down of the capital of a good many businesses, and the conditions of the trade will have to be materially altered. Moreover, American competition is an element to be seriously reckoned with. There used to be an idea that American machines were cheap and nasty, but it is now recognised that it is only the very best English machines that can compete with an American product like, for instance, the Cleveland, for elegance and good workmanship, whilst in various details that count for a great deal in use the American machine is undeniably superior. Consequently in the foreign as well as the home market our cycle manufacturers have to meet a very effective competition. In France, for instance, it is scarcely too much to say that one sees almost as many Clevelands as other machines all together. In one respect, however, we are glad to see that next

year English machines will have an advantage. The Dunlop Company has for some time past been endeavouring to improve its tyre, and next season it will put upon the market a new model for which it is claimed that there will be a much less tendency to side slip, and that it will be much more readily detachable for repairing purposes than the present form. More important still, the price of the tyres will be appreciably reduced, and the conditions imposed upon the trade will be made more favourable to the retailer. All this is good news, and whether it assists the revival of the cycle industry or not it will certainly improve the position of the Dunlop Company.

China, Fashoda and Dreyfus succeeded in stopping the advance in the Kaffir market, but they did not succeed in depressing quotations materially. The mining carry-over on Monday showed a number of declines, but in no case were they so large as to wipe out the advances previously scored. The set-back has restored the market to a healthy condition, and the outlook is now again favourable to a further advance as soon as the political situation permits. Carrying-over rates were not heavy, and it is evident that such speculative accounts as are open are in strong hands. A good deal depends on the result of the Geelong crushing, which should be announced within the next day or two. Should this prove favourable, Chartered and other Rhodesian securities are likely to advance sharply, and this advance will probably be the signal for a general improvement in other South Africans. President Kruger is showing himself a little more amenable to reason, the necessity for a loan is becoming more and more pressing, Delagoa Bay is now as good as in the hands of England, and the gold industry progresses steadily; these are surely "bull points" enough for the least sanguine of dealers in the Kaffir market.

ESTIMATED NET YIELD OF TRANSVAAL MINES. OUTCROPS.

Company.	Estimated Dividends.	Price, 28 Sept.	Life of Mine.	Probable Net Yield.
	Per Cent.		Years.	Per Cent.
Pioneer ⁽¹⁾	75	... 11	... 1	... 75
Rietfontein A.	35	... 1 $\frac{1}{2}$... 30	... 16 $\frac{1}{2}$
Van Ryn	40	... 1 $\frac{1}{2}$... 12	... 13 $\frac{1}{2}$
Henry Nourse ⁽²⁾	150	... 9 $\frac{1}{2}$... 12	... 12
Comet	50	... 3 $\frac{1}{2}$... 18	... 11
Ferreira	350	... 24 $\frac{1}{2}$... 17	... 10
Glencairn	35	... 2 $\frac{1}{2}$... 11	... 9
City and Suburban ⁽³⁾ ..	15	... 6 $\frac{1}{2}$... 17	... 7 $\frac{1}{2}$
Rooodepoort United ...	50	... 4 $\frac{1}{2}$... 15	... 7
Jumpers ⁽⁴⁾	80	... 5 $\frac{1}{2}$... 8	... 7
Robinson ⁽⁴⁾	20	... 8 $\frac{1}{2}$... 16	... 6
Treasury ⁽⁵⁾	12 $\frac{1}{2}$... 4 $\frac{1}{2}$... 13	... 6
Meyer and Charlton ...	70	... 4 $\frac{1}{2}$... 10	... 6
Heriot	100	... 7 $\frac{1}{2}$... 12	... 6
Crown Reef ⁽⁶⁾	200	... 14 $\frac{1}{2}$... 8	... 6
Wolhuter ⁽⁴⁾	10	... 6	... 40	... 6
Ginsberg	50	... 3	... 8	... 5
Wemmer	150	... 10 $\frac{3}{4}$... 10	... 5
Geldenhuis Main Reef	10	... 1 $\frac{1}{2}$... 6	... 4 $\frac{1}{2}$
Primrose	60	... 4 $\frac{1}{2}$... 10	... 4
Princess	15	... 1 $\frac{1}{2}$... 20(?)	... 4
Durban Rooodepoort ...	80	... 6	... 9	... 4
Langlaagte Estate ...	30	... 3 $\frac{1}{2}$... 15	... 4
Angelo	75	... 6 $\frac{1}{2}$... 8(?)	... 1
May Consolidated	35	... 3 $\frac{1}{2}$... 9	... 1
Geldenhuis Estate	100	... 7 $\frac{1}{2}$... 7	... 0
Jubilee ⁽⁸⁾	75	... 10 $\frac{1}{2}$... 8	... 0
Worcester	60	... 3 $\frac{1}{2}$... 4	... 0

(¹) Owns 37 D.L. claims, estimated value equivalent to £10 10s. per share. (²) 42 deep-level claims, estimated value equivalent to £2 per share. (³) £5 shares. (⁴) 52 D.L. claims, estimated value equivalent to £1 per share. (⁵) £4 shares. (⁶) 51 $\frac{1}{2}$ deep-level claims, estimated value equivalent to £2 10s. per share, and 47 water-right claims. (⁷) Poorer North Reef Ore not taken into account. (⁸) 18 D.L. claims, estimated value equivalent to £4 per share.

DEEP LEVELS.

Company.	Estimated Dividends.	Price, 28 Sept.	Life of Mine.	Probable Net Yield.
	Per Cent.		Years.	Per Cent.
*Robinson Deep.....	200	10	20	16
*Durban Deep ⁽¹⁾	50	4½	15	11
*Nourse Deep	60	6½	43	10
*Crown Deep	200	14½	16	9
*Rose Deep	105	8½	15	8
*Jumpers Deep	40	5½	36	6
*Village Main Reef ⁽²⁾ ...	75	7½	13	5½
*Bonanza.....	108 ⁽³⁾	4½	5	4
*Geldenhuis Deep.....	70 ⁽³⁾	9½	23	4
*Glen Deep.....	18	3	25	3
*Langlaagte Deep.....	21	2½	15	2
*Simmer and Jack.....	4½ ⁽³⁾	4½ ⁽⁴⁾	30	1

The mines marked thus * are already at work.

⁽¹⁾ Owns 24,000 Roodepoort Central Deep shares, value £36,000, and will probably sell sixty or seventy claims at a price equivalent to £1 per share. ⁽²⁾ Owns 25,000 Wemmer shares, value equivalent to £1 per share. ⁽³⁾ Calculated on actual profits of working. ⁽⁴⁾ £5 shares.

It is a curious fact, on which we remarked some time ago, that whenever the "Financial Times" makes an attack on a South African share, the market price of that share immediately rises. Thus on Wednesday last our contemporary published a column leading article in which it endeavoured laboriously to prove that Rand Mines are not worth £33 each. To do this it adopts as its own, without acknowledgment, the table we published a fortnight ago showing the proportion of the profits earned in August by the subsidiary deep levels already at work which goes to the parent Company. To make it appear as if the table were its own it merely alters, erroneously, the Rose Deep proportion from 36 to 37 per cent., leaving the other figures exactly as they appeared in our columns. Left then to its own resources it proceeds by a series of vague assertions to the conclusion that when the subsidiaries at present at work are running their full number of stamps and the remaining subsidiaries, the Durban Roodepoort Deep, the Glen Deep, the Langlaagte Deep and the Ferreira Deep, have all become profit-earners, the share of the Rand Mines Company will only be equivalent to 239½ per cent to the shareholders. Even this, it may be pointed out, is equivalent to a return to the investor at the present price of 7 per cent. for at least twenty years, which may be taken as about the average life of the deep-level mines, and the "Financial Times" calculator takes no account whatever of the 300 valuable unfloated claims still owned by the Rand Mines Company, nor of its valuable freeholds, nor of its waterworks, nor of the one and a half millions of cash advanced to the subsidiary companies, or of the quarter of a million of cash in hand at the end of last year. The "Financial Times" is hopelessly mistaken in its calculations, as we shall shortly prove when the September returns from the mines are to hand.

Shareholders in the Robinson Deep will be glad to learn that the remaining sixty stamps of the full mill of 120 stamps are now completed, and will be set to work as soon as the supply of native labour permits. The market has scarcely yet realised the significance of the results which have been obtained by the sixty-stamp mill during the three months for which returns have been declared. During June, July and August 22,609 tons of ore were crushed, yielding 20,761 ounces of gold, or at the rate of 18·3 dwts. per ton of ore crushed. In August alone, however, 9022 tons of ore were crushed, yielding 8359 ounces of gold, or at the rate of 18·5 dwts. per ton. There is no doubt that this yield can be maintained and even improved upon, and with the 120-stamp mill it will represent an output of about 17,000 ounces per month. If the working costs are put at 25s. per ton, including depreciation and development redemption—a figure which will probably be much too high when the full mill is running—working costs at the Geldenhuis Deep, for instance, are now

under 20s. per ton—the Robinson Deep monthly profits, with the 120-stamp mill, will amount to at least £36,000, or £432,000 per annum. With working costs at 23s. per ton, the profit will be £456,000 per annum, and if they can be reduced to 20s. per ton, as will probably be the case, the enormous profit of nearly half a million yearly will be obtained.

The issued capital of the Robinson Deep Company is at present £400,000, but it has in addition a debenture debt of £300,000. It also contracted a temporary debt of £50,000, which will be discharged by the issue of 5000 reserve shares which are under option to the Consolidated Goldfields at £10 1s. 6d. per share. The debentures are moreover exchangeable for shares at £9, and by next June they will probably be all so converted. The total capital of the Company may therefore be put as £438,000. With only 120 stamps at work it will be seen that dividends of 100 per cent. can be easily earned. With this size of mill the life of the mine may be safely put at thirty-eight years, and at the present price the net return to the investor, after deducting a sinking fund for the extinction of the capital invested at the end of that time, will be about 9 per cent. per annum. It is intended, however, ultimately to run a 200-stamp mill. When this is done working expenses can with certainty be reduced to 20s. per ton, and the net profit will probably aggregate £80,000 a month, or sufficient to pay dividends of more than 200 per cent. With 200 stamps the life of the mine may be safely estimated as twenty years, and deducting therefore 3½ per cent. for amortisation, the net yield to the investor at the present price of £10 will be 16½ per cent. It is for these reasons, based on the actual results already achieved, that we consider the Robinson Deep to be at present one of the most profitable investments in the South African market.

There has again been some buying of the better class Westralian mines, but making-up prices did not reveal many improvements in this market. Lake View Consols were 1½ down on the account, Kalgurlis ¾, and Ivanhoes ¼. Golden Horseshoes, however, rose 1½. An attempt has been made to infuse some life into the moribund Bottomley stocks, but with little success. Mr. Bottomley's hand has either lost its cunning, or, which is more probable, he is lying low until the shortness of men's memories gives him another chance. The "Pall Mall Gazette" is still engaged in the curious occupation of fouling its own nest, and is badgering Mr. Whitaker Wright to say why he gave a cheque to the late Mr. Baker. Its late city editor may not have been immaculate, but he is dead, and the "Pall Mall Gazette" might let his bones rest in peace. At least he did not give up his position on the paper to enter into Mr. Hooley's service, though it appears that a city editor may do this and yet not lose his reputation for incorruptibility.

NEW ISSUES.

SLATER'S, LIMITED.

Slater's, Limited, with a capital of £300,000 in 100,000 six per cent. Preference and 200,000 Ordinary shares, makes a further issue of 100,000 four and a half per cent. First Mortgage Debentures. The object of the present issue is to extend the business by opening up new restaurants, and to pay off existing loans. The assets, apart from goodwill, amount to £322,696, and annual dividends of 6 and 9 per cent. respectively have been paid on the Preference and Ordinary shares since the formation of the Company. The debentures are redeemable at a premium of 5 per cent. on six months' notice after September 1930, and the security is a first specific charge on the freehold and leasehold properties of the Company. The Accountant's certificate of profits for the past three years shows a gradual increase, being £21,276 for 1897 as compared with £19,483 and £16,027 for the two previous years. The progress of the Company has been rapid, and says much for the energy and ability of Mr. Crowle, the managing director, and the other members of the Board.

BENSKIN'S WATFORD BREWERY, LIMITED.

Benskin's Watford Brewery issues £30,000 four per cent. B Mortgage Irredeemable Debenture Stock and 16,000 five per cent. B Cumulative Preference Shares of

£5 each at par to purchase the brewing business of Messrs. Hawkes & Co., of Bishops Stortford. The property to be acquired consists of 155 freehold and 9 leasehold houses, besides other property. The total rental for the whole is stated to amount to nearly £5000 per annum. The purchase price asked by Messrs. Hawkes & Co., the vendors, is £270,000, exclusive of stock, book debts, horses, vans, &c., which are to be taken over separately at a maximum of £30,000. The security offered for the issue is £807,000, consisting of a specific charge of £300,000 and a floating charge subject to the rights of the First Mortgage Debentures. There is no mention in the prospectus, however, of any valuation having been made of the property under purchase. As regards profits, it is estimated that the new business will produce not less than £20,000 a year.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. B. T. (Blackheath).—We have heard nothing of the Company for a considerable time, but we will make inquiries and let you know the result.

ANXIOUS (Yeovil).—The Oceana Consolidated Company is making steady progress. The shares will undoubtedly go much higher than their present quotation, and we do not doubt that eventually you will be able to sell out at a profit, though you may have to wait some time longer. We shall deal with the affairs of the Company at length in the near future.

WINTON.—It is difficult to advise as to the exact figure at which it would be advisable to sell, but the "bear" attacks upon the shares seem now to have come to an end, and we expect to see a steady improvement in their value. They will in all probability go to £4, and may go much higher in view of certain developments to which we shall refer next week.

M. O. S.—I. When we referred to the shares in April last they were quoted in London at 25. 6d. They are now quoted at 35. 6d., but Mr. Hooley's bankruptcy has made it unlikely that there will be any further improvement in the near future. The cycle trade is not yet in a healthy condition, and the proposed reorganization of the Company's business has not been carried through. Nevertheless, if you can afford to hold your shares for another year we should advise you to do so. 2. There is still room for a substantial increase in the value of the shares, and with any activity in the Industrial Market they will probably go higher.

KENT.—Yes.

CORRESPONDENCE.

AN INDIGNANT CATHOLIC.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

87 Lausanne Road, Peckham.

SIR,—First, in answer to "An Old Reader" about Luther, my authority is Cobbett's "History of the Reformation" (p. 200: "Perhaps the world has never in any age seen a nest of such atrocious miscreants as Luther, Zwinglius, Calvin, Beza and the rest of the distinguished reformers of the Catholic religion. Every one of them was notorious for the most scandalous vices, even according to the full confession of his own followers"). As to getting one's religion from the Bible, did not Wickliff? Yet he taught "that man is bound to sin; that God approves of sin." Calvin taught "that God created men on purpose to damn the greater number of them; that God is the Author of all sin; and that man has no free will." Do not the Plymouth Brethren, the Christadelphians, the Moravians, &c., get their religions from the Bible? Yet they contradict one another.

"An Old Reader" mentions some bad Catholics; but has he ever noticed in wine-making how the scum always rises to the surface? he did not mention the good wine.

John F. L. Sandbach gives a list of bad Popes. Now, Catholics do not say that the Popes are impeccable, only infallible.

"An Old Reader" says about people worshipping images in the Brompton Oratory. Well, I beg him to ask (next time he goes into a Catholic church and sees anybody before a statue) the person who, or what, they are worshipping. He also says, "I expect you have brains." Well, I hope I have; of course, I have never seen the inside of my head, so I cannot say for certain; any way, when I tell my friend that I am twenty-three years of age and a clicker by trade, I must have at least something inside my pate to write these letters; and as to searching after truth, I firmly believe that I

found it seven or eight years ago, when I became a convert to the Catholic Church. As to reading the Bible, well, I can prove all the doctrines of the Catholic Church to be true and in accordance with Bible teaching. As to authorities, I treat them as witnesses, and fallible ones too.

C. L. Clarke says that "I have not treated him as a gentleman, although perhaps unconsciously." Well, then, I apologise to Mr. Clarke.

Now I think all your readers, whether of my own faith or Protestants, will agree with me when I say that monks and friars are the laziest persons imaginable, and in existence. Fancy not one coming to my rescue in this controversy; and remember this, there are more priests in the Catholic Church in England, in proportion, than in any other sect in England.

The church of the district to which I belong, which is a Capuchin church, has at least five priests (I believe there are eight), and there are only two sermons preached a week; is not this a nice easy job? I was in the Dominican Order for three months some years ago, but the zeal-less lives of its members made me melancholy, and I left it, and I almost wished I had remained in the Church of England, and joined the Church Missionary Society, as I had always intended to do; and I think the sooner the religious orders are expelled from Great Britain and Ireland, the sooner will the Catholics have some very heavy mill-stones taken off their backs.

I have not answered the questions put to me in last week's issue of the "Saturday Review," as I have not the time at my disposal (not because I can't), and I do not see it fair that I should be left to answer them all, when there are so many lazy friars sleeping about. In conclusion, I must say that I should still go on with this controversy if the Editor was to extend to it a longer term in the "Saturday Review."—I remain, yours sincerely,

F. A. ALCOCK.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Those of your readers who may desire to know the result of a full and unprejudiced examination into the nature of the "miraculous" cures at Lourdes will find it in an article by Messrs. A. T. and F. W. H. Myers, entitled "Mind-cure, Faith-cure and the Miracles of Lourdes," and printed in the "Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research," ix. 160. The conclusions arrived at by the authors are very much what one or two of your correspondents have indicated, namely, that such of the cures as are genuine differ in no way from the cures which are recorded to have occurred at the shrines of various "Pagan deities," or from "faith-cures" generally. They are, in fact, instances of what is called, with unscientific vagueness, the influence of the mind on the body. All this apparatus of pilgrimages, prayers and ecstasies merely does in a clumsy and circuitous manner—the failures vastly outnumbering the successes—what is done directly, rapidly and safely by the "suggestions" of the skilled hypnotist. A conclusion somewhat disconcerting to those who hold that Lourdes is of God, while hypnotism is of the devil!—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

H. V. R.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your correspondent F. A. Alcock states in his letter in your last week's paper that in 787, or thereabouts, Cænulph, son of Offa, King of Mercia, wrote to the Pope in his own name and that of the other nobles, acknowledging him as the absolute Head of the Church, &c. But he does not mention that at a Council summoned to meet at Hertford in 673 by Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury, it was proposed to divide the See of Wilfrid, Bishop of Northumberland, and King Egfrid accordingly appointed two additional Bishops, who were consecrated by Theodore. Bishop Wilfrid set out for Rome, and obtained a decree from the Pope restoring him to his undivided See, but King Egfrid paid no attention to it, and imprisoned the Bishop. One of the charges brought against him was his *appealing to a foreign judge, by the laws of England a capital crime*.

Mr. Alcock lays great stress on the unquestioning obedience due by the sheep of his Church to their shepherd, and on the absolute power and authority possessed by the latter. Will he then tell your readers

how it is that this all-powerful shepherd has permitted the tyranny, exactions, corruption and immorality of large numbers of monks and priests in the Philippines—a state of things which has culminated in the sanguinary rebellion which is devastating those islands?—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, BRITANNICUS.

[We have received an immense number of letters dealing with this matter; but so many of our correspondents are growing so very bad-tempered that, in the interests of good manners if not in the interests of "true religion," we have decided to close the discussion. The letters printed above are the mildest that have reached us.—ED. S.R.]

WAGNER ON RICHMOND HILL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Though profoundly sensible of the honour done the country for which Mr. Schulz-Curtius has repudiated his birthright, I beg to say that proving himself a bad German does not necessarily certify his scheme as one deserving encouragement. There are doubtless other middle-aged Englishmen—of twenty years' standing or thereabouts—who would like to translate their personal desires into public requirements. —I am, Sir, your obedient servant, A. D.

THE EFFICACY OF FLOGGING.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—“Garotter” proposes a test of the efficacy of flogging as a punishment, viz., the number of re-floggings. On this point, unfortunately, there is a want of statistics which ought undoubtedly to be collected and published before any legislation is attempted. I only know at present of those given by Captain Nott Bower in the pro-flogging pamphlet of the Howard Association. Of nearly five hundred boys who were once birched in Liverpool during the preceding five years, only forty-four had been birched a second time within that period. But to this forty-four we must add those who had been already birched at the commencement of the five years, the birching recorded being the second, and those who received a second birching after its termination, together with those who migrated from Liverpool before getting into trouble for the second time. Moreover, the age for birching is limited to fourteen years, and it appears that while there were only forty-four rebirchings there were 135 reconvictions. Considering how frequently boys are birched for some juvenile prank which exhibits no tendency to habitual crime, I cannot regard these statistics as remarkably favourable. And, judging from recent correspondence on the subject, the birch does not appear to be a patent remedy in schools and families. Boys, we are told, actually prefer it to impositions, and many of those who wrote in its favour speak of frequently repeated applications. If the birchings inflicted on juvenile offenders by the police are much severer than those inflicted at our public schools, the fact should at all events be avowed, while, if they are not severer, why should we expect them to be more efficacious? Is the criminal boy much more easily converted from the error of his ways than the ordinary boy?

Probably re-flogging with the cat is not so infrequent as your correspondent imagines; but assuming it to be so, what then? Practically the cat can only be used for robbery with violence, and then it is entirely discretionary with the judge. But a thief seldom resorts to violence when he can effect his object without it, and probably he robs three times without violence for once with it. Then, if reconvicted, at least three out of four judges would not sentence him to be flogged; and if we add to this the number of cases in which the criminal is not brought to justice at all, I think it may be said a relapse into crime will not lead to a second flogging in more than one case out of every thirty. As long as a punishment is unusual a repetition of it will be still more unusual. Few persons have been twice sentenced to stand in the pillory. Should we therefore propose to revive that punishment on account of its remarkable efficacy?—Truly yours, A BARRISTER.

NINETEENTH CENTURY CHRISTIANITY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—How truly divine is the nineteenth-century spirit

of Christianity! The following appeared in the “Daily Telegraph” of the 12th inst. :—

“An army chaplain, the Rev. Arthur Robins, chaplain to the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and the Household troops, preaching at Holy Trinity Church, Windsor, yesterday morning, before the 2nd Life Guards and a large congregation, from the words, ‘Death is swallowed up in victory,’ said Charles Gordon, uncrowned king of men, who to the White Nile bore the white flower of a blameless life, was after many days avenged. The martyr of Khartoum, who, although dead, yet speaketh, would have us answer, ‘Vengeance is mine: I will repay, saith the Lord.’ The God of battles, God of Gordon, gave to us the victory. It is thirteen years and more ago since from the slaughter of the soldier-saint a people in the shadow of their shame took oath before the God of heaven that for each drop of Gordon’s blood there should be rivers in requital of the blood of them who slew him. Gordon was avenged only as his own sweet soul would have been set on vengeance, when in Khartoum the flag of England floated where the butchers of the Mahdi marked him down, and when upon its knees an army giving glory to the God of Gordon wept and prayed. The preacher read some very appropriate and beautiful verses which he had written at the time, to the great gratification of the late General Gordon’s family and friends, and which had never before been published.”

All those who had the pleasure of listening to the sermon or reading the above extract of it must feel devoutly thankful that England is no longer a land of savages and heathens. Such a Christ-like sermon must touch the hearts of all. What has the noble Gordon done that his memory and God should be thus blasphemed?—Yours faithfully, Vox.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN AND JOBBERY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The Crown Colonies, as well as the Civil Servants, owe you thanks for the outspoken way in which you have denounced Mr. Chamberlain’s appointment of Sir Graham Bower Colonial Secretary of Mauritius. Unfortunately the administration of the Crown Colonies by the Colonial Office usually attracts but little attention from the press or the public at home, while the Colonial press, like public opinion in these Colonies, is too feeble to affect the doings of an all-powerful Department of State, invested with autocratic control over the destinies of Her Majesty’s subjects, as well as her servants there, who too often are compelled to submit to indignities and misrule which would not be possible in any Colony other than one with only the semblance of a Government based on popular representation.

Lord Carnarvon, one of the most distinguished Secretaries of State, and one who has won the confidence and respect of the Colonists, characterised “Ceylon” and “Mauritius” as Crown Colonies of the severest type, and, in that respect, they have become the most signal instances of humiliating and offensive misrule and discreditable jobbery from Downing Street.

Would Mr. Chamberlain have dared, all-powerful Minister though he be, to appoint Sir Graham Bower to any like responsible office in any colony other than Mauritius, except, perhaps, Ceylon or the Falkland Islands?

Apart from the gross injustice to the senior members of the service, who are bearing the burthen and heat of the day, and whose promotion is thereby checked, the appointment is insulting to the Colony which has been chosen as the dumping-ground of a manifest job, and it affords a pernicious realisation to Civil Servants of the possibility of the Chief of the Department of State, in whom they should repose the utmost confidence, using his position as dispenser of the Sovereign’s favour, to reward those who may be willing to render him personal service, and that, too, of the most questionable character. Happily there are few in the Service who will not be ashamed of the example.

I enclose my card. I do not sign my name, and perhaps you will not blame me, in view of recent events, which render it unsafe to question the doings of the autocrat of Downing Street, even by

A PENSIONER.

THE MUZZLING ACT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The letters in your issue of 10 September from Messrs. Pirkis and Baily will be appreciated by all sensible and humane readers. It is monstrous and inconceivable that, throughout the length and breadth of the country, sporting dogs should now be "at large," and exempt from the Act, whilst here in London and other cities animals are tortured with the infliction of a muzzle. Such despicable, paltry and grandmotherly class legislation, however, has, I am glad to say, told its own tale, significantly, and disgust has, naturally enough, reached its climax.

A well-known weekly contemporary recently offered a prize for the best and most original four-line "skit" on what it justly termed the "muddle muzzle," when from its readers alone no less than 6000 competitors entered the list, and one and all condemned the whole business as a contemptible legislative fiasco, and the ruthless ridicule heaped upon it represents only the wide-spread disgust of the general public alike for the Act and for the august body from whence it emanated. Why does not the Board of Agriculture give the dogs a rest and assist the magisterial Bench by attempting to solve the vaccination difficulty instead? Small-pox has certainly stronger claims upon their services than hydrophobia, therefore, why not muzzle the Conscientious Objector?—Your obedient servant,

EDWARD LEE,

Chairman of the Executive Committee of the
National Canine Defence League.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Will you permit me, as a dog-lover and owner, to add my protest to that of your very able correspondents in your issue of the 10th inst., against this most cruel and revolting slaughter of unoffending dogs in our public streets? A little time ago, I believe, some dog-fearing and dog-hating individual made the extraordinary suggestion that every dog found unmuzzled should be promptly bludgeoned, and I considered that the only fitting place for this person was the nearest lunatic asylum. I think so still, but I am surprised and disgusted beyond measure to find that there are others as cruel and cowardly as himself. It must be so, or why the senseless murder of the poor collie that was hunted down and brutally beaten to death the other day in London, as if he had been some noxious and dangerous reptile? A lost dog, panting, frightened and bewildered, casting eager, appealing glances from side to side in search of a familiar face, is a sight so pitiful that it might excite compassion and sympathy in the most indifferent passer-by. Yet this poor creature was pitilessly hounded to death for no other reason it seems than because he was terrified, alone and defenceless. Such an act of cowardly barbarity is surely a disgrace to Englishmen! Could not the "gentleman" (?) who played the part of butcher be prosecuted? I sincerely hope so! And when are these atrocities to end? Not, I presume, as long as the present Board of Agriculture, with its endless muzzling orders and "mad dog" scares, continues to reign supreme.

And while our dogs are massacred wholesale or are miserably bewailing their fate in police-stations and "homes," robbery and rowdiness hold high revels on the skirts of London. Some gentlemen, writing from Catford, say that the police are far too busy in capturing harmless and useful dogs to have much time to spare for burglars and gentlemen of that ilk. Dogs are dragged from their homes and destroyed, or held in custody, little-cared-for and wretched; and thieves, no longer deterred by their barking, are meanwhile making havoc with their master's property.

Dog-owners may and do execrate Mr. Long and his senseless, cruel and mischievous muzzling order, but the light-fingered gentry have, it seems, reason to bless his name.

Is this a satisfactory state of things? A dog is not a wild beast, though he is now too frequently treated like one; he is the most loving, true and faithful of all living creatures, the only one that naturally, and from his very birth, loves, trusts and follows man. Is it not time we were allowed to treat him with a little humanity?—Yours faithfully,

A. GIBSON.

AN OMISSION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I have read the recently published life of my old friend the Bishop with very great pleasure, and I hasten to express my gratitude to Canon Trefusis Brown for the admirable manner in which he has carried out his task as biographer. As was of course to be expected from a writer of the Canon's distinction, there is a delightful charm in the style in which the book is written, but besides this refined literary flavour, there is the evidence of perfect sympathy between the author and the subject of the portrait. As every one knows, the Canon married, some fifteen years ago, the Bishop's second daughter—his elder daughter having married Colonel Brightwell of the Indian Service—so he was thus in a position to know much of the inner life of the lamented prelate.

In addition, therefore, to the better known of the Bishop's public stories, some of those merrier little narratives with which his Lordship used to delight his immediate circle of intimate friends are to be found here. About these stories there is a dash of an indefinable something; a something perhaps suggestive of an episcopal after-dinner aroma, if one may say so with all reverence. It must be added that they certainly lose nothing by being set in the highly polished, not to say slightly academic, framework of the good Canon's narrative.

I miss with regret several old friends, and there is one story in particular which I do not find, and which the Bishop used to tell with a delightful abandonment of episcopal dignity on all sorts of occasions and apropos of almost anything that might be under discussion. The last time I heard the story was at a small dinner party given by Mrs. Finch Smith, and the Bishop told it then as a genial retort to a somewhat blunt assertion by the Professor that after all a bishop was but a mere man. The conversation had turned on Anglican orders, and the vicar, who was of the party, had asserted that the consecration of a bishop *ipso facto* made him immaculate. I must admit that the vicar was a pompous, unctuous, clerical toady, and that throughout the evening he had flattered the Bishop egregiously.

"I don't believe a word of it," said the Professor testily. "After all is said and done, a bishop remains a mere man." It was an unhappy remark, even for the Professor, and it created a distinct feeling of uneasiness in the company.

With that ready tact which has always distinguished him, the Bishop himself came to the rescue. "Ah, yes, that reminds me," he said in his pleasantest manner, "that a bishop is very often a mere man. I recollect once having to take a confirmation late one afternoon in a distant part of the country, and having to dine that same evening with the high sheriff, the judges of assize, and all the county magnates."

"No one knows how much a bishop has to do," piously ejaculated the Vicar.

"And the worst of it was," cheerily continued the Bishop, "I had no time to change to evening dress, except, as the French say, *en trajet* from the confirmation to the dinner. This would have been simple enough had I had a close carriage; but I had not, I had only a waggonette."

Good humour was entirely restored at the prospect of the details of an episcopal toilet in a waggonette.

"Well, my dear Mrs. Finch Smith, I plunged into it. That is to say, I took out my evening things and took off my morning things, and stood absolutely—a mere man, Professor—when just round a bend in the road there came a sound of wheels, and in an instant an open carriage, with four ladies in it—who unfortunately knew me—came down upon my waggonette. I hastily snatched up such garments as lay to my hand, my hat amongst others—which I waved."

The Vicar was beside himself with delight at such episcopal resource, and ventured to knock on the table and say "bravo." The Professor muttered something in a grumpy voice which no one heard. I had already heard the story some two score times in as many connexions, and I wondered would it be possible to invent a situation to which the Bishop could not adapt this favourite narrative of his.—Yours sincerely,

SIMON FRAZER.

REVIEWS.

DR. BRANDES' POEMS.

"Ungdomsvers." Af Georg Brandes. Kjöbenhavn : Gyldendal.

THE verse of famous prose-writers is always a subject of legitimate curiosity. Sometimes it is extremely bad, like that of Hume and of Carlyle, and of another celebrated historian nearer our own day. But, more commonly, the intellectual vigour which animates the prose is sufficiently distributed over the verse to give that, also, a liveliness which preserves it from insipidity. There have been undoubted masters of prose, like Berkeley and Chateaubriand, who sang once only, and yet have continued in that solitary air to please. There have been copious verse-writers, of whom Sainte-Beuve is the type, who all but reached the station of the independent poet. But the fascination of the fixed form is almost universal, and, in particular, the critics of the best class have been very apt to serve an apprenticeship to poetry. Their verse is seldom without its value; it is often too purely intellectual for the public taste, but if the "Animi Figura" of John Addington Symonds and the "Noces Corinthiennes" of M. Anatole France are not read, it is not the fault of those ingenious authors. They have conscientiously thrown into their poems the best they have, or what they believe to be the best. They have spared no pains to approach perfection, and whether this be or no the form in which the public prefers to listen to them, those who desire to study closely the movement of their minds will never disregard the verse of the distinguished prose-writers.

This is the natural prelude to saying that one of the most eminent critics of Europe, Dr. Georg Brandes, had reached the disenchanted age of fifty-six years without having divulged to his nearest friends, or to the most confidential of interviewers, that he had ever written poetry. His volume of "Ungdomsvers" ("Juvenile Verses") has this autumn been a bolt from the Scandinavian blue, and a leading literary event in Copenhagen. Dr. Brandes is so well known in this country, particularly since the publication of his fine book on Shakespeare, that it will interest English readers also to find him among the poets. In his case, the actual practice of the art of verse was the one thing wanting to complete his reputation. He has written so much, and so keenly and ably, about prosody, he has had so remarkable a share in the evolution of modern Danish poetry, that all we required was a proof that he had himself practised what he preached, and had succumbed to the longing to arrange the best words cunningly in the most exquisite forms. It is difficult to contemplate plastic beauty with intensity, without yielding to the desire to try and create it. Moreover, none can speak of the art with such authority as those who have actually subdued themselves to its laws. If anything was lacking to the crown of Dr. Brandes' European fame as an æsthetician, it is added by this distinguished little volume.

Nothing can be more modest than the way in which the author introduces his verses to us. He has just recovered from a prolonged and severe illness, in the course of which he frequently reflected with anxiety that among his papers were to be found a quantity of copies of verses, unarranged, unselected, which, if he died, might come into the hand of some unscrupulous editor, who would print them without hesitation. It was true, the author might burn them all, but this he was unwilling to do, and it would even have been fallacious, for many exist in other copies, and what survived would very likely prove to be the worst of all. Perhaps, too—although he does not say so—he thought of the incident of Taine's cycle of sonnets about cats, which were stolen in 1893 and surreptitiously printed, only to be as instantly suppressed by the family. All such provoking contretemps are avoided by an author's frankly taking in hand the disposition of his own writings during his lifetime.

Dr. Brandes' volume is edited with as much discretion as if it contained the relics of a stranger. As it proposes no more than to show the progressive exercises of a mind in an art foreign to its central purpose, its contents are very properly arranged in chronological groups. We listen to a much earlier Brandes than we

ever heard before, since the "Æsthetiske Studien," with which the critic's career in prose began, are dated 1868, when he was twenty-six years of age. But the earliest section of the poems is dated 1858-60, and therefore takes us back to the poet's sixteenth year. In these primitive effusions we do not expect originality, but we look with curiosity to see what influences have been at work. The boy's models seem to be the most refined and Hellenic poets of that blossoming period of Danish verse; it is plain that he has been enjoying Frederik Paludan-Müller and Carsten Hauch and Henrik Hertz. The verses "To Phœbus Apollo" are most remarkable for a schoolboy to have written, but doubtless he had just been reading that magnificent ode of Heiberg—

"Du som har Aarstiden vakt af sin Dvale
Høit paa din Gang"—

and had caught its very melody and movement. Two years later Heiberg was to die, leaving something of his mantle fluttering over the shoulders of the boy of whom (I suppose) he never even heard. Certainly, in the period between Oehlenschläger and Brandes, that is to say, roughly from 1830 to 1870, no other mind exercised so great an influence over Danish æsthetic thought as that of Johan Ludwig Heiberg, and it pleases me to fancy that I discover this feather from Heiberg's wing resting on the plumage of his successor.

As the book progresses, with its chronological sections, the interest deepens. For myself the most fascinating pages are those which contain the selected verses written in 1871 and 1872. This was a "Sturm und Drang" period in Danish literature, and Dr. Brandes was at the head of the little army of reformers. These vigorous poems reflect in the confidential tone of the recluse, the accents which the author was thundering in prose from his lecturing-desk. It is not often that so much melody is awakened by the obsession of purely intellectual controversies. The very striking stanzas "Malgré Tout," the epistle to Ibsen in 1871, claiming the Norseman as a fellow-soldier and a fighter in the same cause of literary reform, and the curious battle-poem called "Kala," will always take their places as illuminating documents in the history of the reform of Scandinavian art and letters. This was the time when Dr. Brandes was welcoming and championing with so much courage the new Norwegian writers, such Swedes as Snoilsky, and above all the young Danes, who, one after another, responded to his call; this was the time in which it was Dr. Brandes who insisted on a hearing for Schandorph and Erik Skram, for Holger Drachmann, most of all for the enchanting genius of J. P. Jacobsen, that Marcellus of Danish literature. In every case, later criticism has justified his eager cry of discovery. It is curious to know at last, that, through all that time of skirmishing and charging battle, the general had his own knapsack full of "songs and sonnets."

EDMUND GOSSE.

"PERSONAL FORCES OF THE PERIOD."

"Personal Forces of the Period." By T. H. S. Escott. London: Hurst & Blackett.

IT is difficult at the outset to say whether or not this book is intended as a serious publication. The duty of telling a writer with even the poorest shadow of a reputation that his work is empty and worthless is always unpleasant; and we should be glad to avoid it in this instance by adopting the kindlier judgment that Mr. Escott's ostensible serious purpose is not his real purpose at all: that what he meant to do was to reduce this style of bookmaking to absurdity by showing, in a supreme example, just how trivial and foolish it could be; and that he has fallen short of the caricature he intended into verisimilitude because of his want of practice in the ironical method. We should be happy to believe that he said to himself, "Come, I will make this popular kind of writing impossible by setting up a model of it in which its cheap sentiment, its shallow judgments upon men and things, and its atrocious grammar and style, shall be so ludicrous as to make an end of the whole wretched business of wasting good paper and print upon similar trash." Alas! that this charitable interpretation should be impossible, and that we are bound to the dreadful conclusion that Mr. Escott

puts this amazing work forward in all good faith and solemn intention as the ripe fruit of his mature intellect, the sage result of his observation of the men and manners of his age.

In his estimate of the personal forces of the time in literature Mr. Escott, speaking of Miss Marie Corelli, says that "this lady is a brilliant type of the thoughtful woman of letters who is not too profound or great for the active work of daily life." A page or two further on, speaking of George Meredith, he says that "no one, not even Mrs. Riddell, has influenced more widely and deeply than Meredith the journalism, the criticism and the essay-writing of the day." These two quotations afford us, without further search, the data for estimating their writer's qualifications for dealing with the personal forces of the period. They give us a notion of the sort of qualities which he recognises as brilliance and thoughtfulness, the delicious "not even Mrs. Riddell" of the second quotation showing how his generalisations in that matter work out in particular instances. His admission that he can see no scope for greatness in the active work of daily life is a confession of mere incompetence for the task he has set himself. On his own avowal Mr. Escott is blind, not only to greatness but to the very necessity for it; he mistakes hysteria for brilliance and cheap sentimentality for thoughtfulness; and, with a mind so constituted, he presumes to write critically upon the forces that are moulding the thought and action of the time! A more astonishing case of mistaken function it would be difficult to imagine. It is like attempting to paint great pictures with a hearth-broom.

What Mr. Escott gives us is precisely the kind of thing we might expect from the hearth-broom range of qualifications with which he thus admittedly sets out—a mere sweeping up of superficial personal trivialities. For a specimen of the English in which they are presented to us we take the description of the present Lord Salisbury's habits when he was a working journalist: "Lord Robert Cecil's pen was almost daily employed on the newspaper which then, as now, issued from Shoe Lane. Thither on his road to interview his editor with respect to the topic for daily treatment, Robert Cecil from his Piccadilly chambers used regularly to go." Of Mr. Escott's views about principles in public life we take this sample expression: "To the charge of surrendering Conservative principles, Lord Salisbury might fairly reply, that since the people became supreme in England, such principles have not been known to his party; that it is the day of expediencies and compromises, and that if these can be manipulated so that he and his friends hold absolute power, and the kingdom comes to no special harm, it is difficult to see who can reasonably complain." That, moreover, is rank plagiarism. The same idea was expressed much more concisely and aptly by that famous candidate for the American presidency who replied to certain questions proposed to him by Mr. Hosea Biglow:

"Ez to my princerples, I glory
In hevin' nothin' o' the sort;
I ain't a Wig, I ain't a Tory,
I'm jist a canderdate, in short."

And finally, for an illustration of his method of philosophic reflection, we turn to his essay on Lord Welby and find this superlative performance. "Lord Welby has been spoken of as a Somersetshire man. As a fact the county which gave a Worth to France and a Tennyson to England, also gave a Welby to the Treasury first, to the London County Council afterwards. Some qualities common to each of the Lincolnshire natives now mentioned there are. . . . The perfection of artistic taste that makes a Tennyson the equal of a Sophocles or a Virgil, exercised on subjects less immaterial gave Worth unchallenged precedence of all followers of the craft of Mr. Mantalini. Excellence, æsthetic, moral or intellectual, of an analogous sort is a trait that impresses all who know Lord Welby in any relationship of life." From these quotations the reader may fairly judge of Mr. Escott's general achievement; and he that likes the samples may go to the book itself for the three hundred and odd pages of bulk from which they are drawn. At least we can guarantee that he will find the bulk up to sample. Lower it could hardly be.

PEARY ON THE GREAT ICE.

"Northward over the Great Ice. A Narrative of Life and Work along the Shores and upon the Interior Ice-cap of Northern Greenland in the Years 1886 and 1891-1897." By Robert E. Peary. London: Methuen.

THIS book may fitly stand beside Nansen's record of the voyage of the "Fram." The efforts it describes are no less daring and no less original, and if the results obtained are neither so important nor so striking, the human interest is greater, and the picture of a hero of Arctic exploration, defeated but not discouraged, appeals to the heart of the reader.

Mr. Peary writes with much individuality. He disclaims padding and omits references to other explorers on the ground that they would not interest the general reader, while the expert knows the facts, and can make comparisons for himself. This is a mistake, in our opinion. Far more interest would attach to the story of the expeditions if the leading incidents of those which had gone before were recalled to the reader's mind, and Mr. Peary's own place as an explorer would appear more clearly. An admirable peculiarity is that the author dwells upon his mistakes, and takes pains to point out exactly how far each of his expeditions failed of its objects and for what reasons. But he is equally frank in claiming the credit that he knows to be his due. The whole story is told with manly simplicity and self-restraint. Mr. Peary never weeps over his misfortunes or condoles with himself in his troubles. When he was swept away by a torrent on the ice-cap and nearly drowned he allows that he "was beginning to get irritated" at his utter helplessness, and in the more serious adventures which befell him afterwards he says so little of his own sufferings that one must read carefully in order to realise how great were the difficulties and dangers over which he triumphed.

Although padding is excluded, some repetition is introduced by the publication of various official reports. The printing, done "in America," is not of the order expected in a first-rate English book. The various appendices are given in large type at the end of Vol. I., and the last part of the narrative in Vol. II. is rendered unsightly by the use of small type. There are too many photographs reproduced, a few being inferior in execution, and several almost duplicates; but some of the pictures, especially those of nude figures, have an artistic value unusual in books of travel. A serious drawback is the want of good maps, a matter in which American books are, as a rule, defective, and in this respect we cannot compare "Northward" with "Farthest North."

Such a work must not, however, be viewed exclusively from the side of book-making, or even of literature. Curiously little is known in this country of Mr. Peary's explorations, although their merit was recognised some months ago by the award of one of the Royal Geographical Society's gold medals.

The Arctic fever attacked him in 1885, and in 1886, in company with a Danish official, Maigaard, he set out from Disco Bay with the object of crossing the ice-cap of Greenland to the East coast. He succeeded in getting up on the ice-cap, and travelled a longer distance inland than any white explorer had previously done, but exhaustion of supplies compelled him to return. For the next few years Peary was kept at engineering works on behalf of the Navy Department, and Nansen's journey across Greenland naturally diverted attention from his earlier effort. But Peary had planned three separate ice-cap journeys, and since one of these in the south (and not even in the Arctic regions) had been anticipated, he turned his whole attention to the most northerly, which was to start from Whale Sound, the farthest point of West Greenland reached by whalers, and march north-eastward to the unknown east coast.

It was the summer of 1891 before this scheme could be tested, and then Peary, accompanied by his wife, five colleagues, and his coloured servant, who developed into the best Arctic traveller of them all, was landed in McCormick Bay, just north of Whale Sound. A most comfortable Arctic house was built, the only objection to it being that it was too hot inside in

winter. The months of darkness were passed by Peary in recovering from the effects of a broken leg, and in making friends with the entirely unspoiled native Eskimo, the Arctic Highlanders, first described by Sir John Ross seventy years before. This tribe was studied with the utmost minuteness, and the flash-light photographs of an anthropological character add much to the interest of the book, although the author tantalisingly says that others which it was deemed inadvisable to publish in a popular work "contain many surprises." With the return of the sun, Peary prepared for his "great white march." He had elaborated the scheme of using his surplus dogs as dog-food, when the loads on the sledges grew lighter, and started with one companion, Astrup, and thirteen dogs to travel over the vast expanse of compacted snow, which forms the ice-cap. On the best days a march of twenty miles might be made, though at the high altitudes reached the cold was very severe, violent wind storms were common, and the travellers slept in the open air, sheltered only by a wall of snow. On 1 July, they left the ice-cap and revelled in the fresh meat supplied by a herd of musk oxen. On the 4th, two months after leaving the base, they gained the shore of the Arctic Sea, looked down for the first time from the great height of Navy Cliff upon the waters of Independance Bay, and satisfied themselves that Greenland was an island. It was a triumph, and with light hearts they set themselves to return across the 600 miles of lofty ice, which by holding farther south, they had to traverse at an elevation exceeding 8000 feet in the centre. From the summit, helped by the strong land wind, the sledges were sailed down the slope to the coast, and on 3 August, the two men were back again with five surviving dogs. Their ship was waiting, and the whole party returned to the United States.

The following summer, after the most strenuous efforts to raise funds, Peary returned to Whale Sound with a large party hastily and badly selected, as he allows. A commodious house was built in Bowdoin Bay. The winter was a severe one, the spring was unpropitious, there were dissensions amongst the men, disease amongst the dogs, and weather of unexampled severity. The attempt to reach Independance Bay, where an ambitious programme of exploration, including an attempt to reach the pole, was to begin, failed utterly. Most of the supplies were lost; of the party only Lee and the faithful coloured man Henson showed loyalty to their leader and were willing to wait with him through another winter. All the rest returned to civilisation. The long darkness of 1893-94 went slowly past; it was a time of depression and foreboding, but in spring Peary and Henson, with few dogs and poor equipment, crossed the ice-cap again, a tremendous undertaking in face of the difficulties of climate and short supplies. They reached Independance Bay starving, exhausted, and with broken sledges. The musk oxen were found at last and the lives of the explorers saved, but there was no possibility of going farther; and it was all they could do to reach their house once more, their last rations eaten and a single dog surviving. After this hopeless journey there was a gleam of success, in the discovery at Cape York of three masses of meteoric iron, the existence of which had been reported by Ross, but which no one had been able to find.

In the summers of 1896 and 1897 voyages were made to Cape York and the meteorites secured, while plans were laid for the new and methodical advance towards the Pole, which Mr. Peary is now in the act of carrying out. The largest meteorite was almost completely buried in frozen soil on the shore of a desolate island only occasionally accessible on account of ice. It weighed about ninety tons, and is a mass of solid nickel steel. Mr. Peary's genius as an engineer comes out in the splendid manner in which he handled this uncouth mass of "brute iron," raised it, slid it to the water's edge, pushed it along a solidly-constructed bridge on board the ship, and then, by the aid of hydraulic jacks, lowered it into the hold through an opening that it barely cleared. The struggle with "the terrific majesty of the force of gravity" may be compared with Victor Hugo's description of the single-handed recovery of the engine of the lost steamer in

"Les Travailleurs de la Mer." It is a stanza in the epic of engineering.

Mr. Peary has at times a florid style, but his subject-matter is chill and colourless enough to justify the infusion of some adventitious glow. Now and again there is a bit of strong description: "Many a time I have found myself in such weather travelling in grey space, feeling the snow beneath my snow-shoes but unable to see it. No sun, no sky, no snow, no horizon—absolutely nothing that the eye could rest upon. Zenith and nadir alike an intangible grey nothingness. . . . The space between my snow-shoes was equally as light as the zenith. The opaque light which filled the sphere of vision might come from below as well as above."

After three months of hungry travelling in which the experience above described is that of one of the finer days, when the interminable and unbroken white expanse of the ice-sheet had glared upon the eyes in the continuous daylight, unless obscured by whirling snow as the gales swept over the lofty ice with a temperature sixty degrees below zero, the sight of land and water was more than welcome. The people of this region, the farthest north fringe of human life, are sympathetically described. Their ways are unconventional and rarely agreeable; "not 'fatted calf,' but 'fetid seal,'" is the *pièce de résistance* offered to the wandering stranger. It is with a feeling of satisfaction that one reads of the amelioration in the conditions of life of the Smith Sound Eskimo in consequence of their contact with the expedition; but Mr. Peary is as emphatic as Dr. Nansen was that the attempt to force civilisation upon these children of Nature is disastrous, and he adopts their mode of life, not allowing them to imitate his.

THE S. P. C. K.

"Two Hundred Years: The History of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge." By W. O. B. Allen and Edmund McClure, Secretaries of the Society. London: S.P.C.K.

THIS is a remarkable record, and bears an interest of wider range than that suggested by its title. The S.P.C.K. is the oldest Society connected with the Established Church. It was born at the close of the seventeenth century, in 1698, and thus keeps its bicentenary in the present year. The time when it came into being was fruitful in the establishment of societies. The teaching of the Reformers had been essentially individualistic; the doctrines of personal salvation, the rights of the individual believer, were prominent. The long controversy had now spent itself, and the "tendency to association" (to use the phrase of Dr. Hatch) revived. In 1678 were founded the "Religious Societies" of London and Westminster. Various Societies "for the Reformation of Manners" were established in 1691. The former were confined to the Church of England, the latter included Nonconformists, and both spread rapidly in London and the large towns. These associations no longer exist in their original form, but the S.P.C.K. was destined to a longer life. The founders were five men, Lord Guilford, Sir Humphrey Mackworth, Mr. Justice Hooke, the Rev. Dr. Bray and Colonel Colchester; only one, it is worthy of note, being a clergyman. Dr. Bray appears, however, to have been the moving spirit in the establishment of the Society. He had been sent out to Maryland as commissary by Bishop Compton of London, and had formed the conviction that there was a crying need for a more learned clergy, both in the "Plantations"—i.e. the Colonies—abroad, and at home. He founded no fewer than eighty libraries for the use of the clergy in England, and others in Maryland; and on his return he brought with him a plan (still to be seen in Sion College Library) which was the germ, not only of the S.P.C.K., but of another great Church body, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, stating as his object "the promotion of religion and learning." There can be no question that this earnest and energetic parson deserved a wider fame than he has attained.

The objects of the S.P.C.K. were and are sufficiently wide in scope. They include religious education, the printing and circulating of Bibles, Prayer-books and literature of a devotional and doctrinal character in

various languages; the financial and other assistance of the Church in the Colonies and in India; the establishment of numberless schools and training colleges; the spiritual care of emigrants; grants towards the endowment of bishoprics, parishes, theological and historical professorships; and medical missions with their hospitals. It is to the credit of the Society that the broadest interpretation is placed upon its title; Christian knowledge being rightly held to cover all useful knowledge not opposed to Christian faith. The books published at the house in Northumberland Avenue comprise works on almost all subjects, and generally speaking there is small trace of theological bias. This was not always the case. The publications of the Society at one time were "goody-goody" pure and simple, and weak milkwash even at that. But the present editorial secretary, Mr. McClure, has taken a wider view of his Society's work, and, though not without some grumblings from antediluvian members of the Society, he has not only made the publishing department a business success, but he has raised the literary standard of the books issued, and greatly extended the range of the subjects dealt with. It is, however, a large question how far a society supported by subscriptions enters into trade as a legitimate competitor with private enterprise; obviously, it does business at a considerable advantage. The charges of sweating and employing "rat" printing-houses once brought against the S.P.C.K. are now, we believe—whatever may formerly have been the case—no longer supported by the facts. A religious society which is proud to describe itself as "the handmaid of the Church" should be above suspicion in such matters. But we fancy something unpleasant was said at the recent Trades Union Congress about the printing and binding of cheap Bibles and the cost of their production generally. We can only hope that this does not apply to the Bibles circulated by the S.P.C.K.

A further question arises. How far the modern system of working the Church through these great societies is healthy? It may be reasonably maintained that the specialisation of Church work is being pushed too far, so as to interfere with the legitimate exercise of the bishop's office and to create *imperia in imperiis*; just as the old monastic houses did, with most mischievous results, when they contrived to shake themselves free from episcopal control and became dependent entirely on the Pope. The cases are not quite parallel, but there is sufficient likeness to justify some little apprehension for the future. With his usual quickness of insight Archbishop Benson saw the danger, and in a memorable speech declared that the day would come when the Church herself must take over the control and administration of much of the work now delegated to almost independent associations. Probably the S.P.C.K. is less open to this criticism than almost any other of the great societies.

The editors of this unique history have done their work exceedingly well. They print in full the minutes of the early meetings of the Society, with their quaint language and glimpses of an older world. They describe fully the various branches of the Society's work, and trace the course of its development in manifold forms of activity during the last two centuries. There is inevitably an abundance of detail and statistics which has little interest for those not especially eager about Church work; but, apart from this, the book has a value of its own as the record of a very remarkable enterprise which has proved itself possessed of singular vitality, and seems to be as vigorous and prosperous to-day as at any period of its long and useful life.

GREAT ITALIANS.

"Lives of Great Italians." By Frank Horridge. Illustrated. London: Unwin.

ITALY is so rich in illustrious men that any selection made on the lines of the present volume must necessarily be partial and empirical. Mr. Horridge himself has felt this, and observes that the difficulty in preparing such a work consists rather in the selection than in the collection of matter. Many men who have achieved greatness in war, literature, art and music—some of them scarcely second in importance to those

chosen—have had to be excluded from the compilation. Having discounted this obstacle, it now only remains to say that within the prescribed limits adopted, our author's selection is excellent, and representative in character.

Biographical sketches enjoy a popularity second only to that of the novel, and the reason is not far to seek. Men like to read about those whose names are writ large in the world's history for ever—what were their peculiarities, the nature of their daily lives, and even their weaknesses and follies. They are anxious to find that point of contact which makes all mankind kin. Our author presents his great men well in this respect. It is interesting, for example, to peruse the anecdotes he has collected of Dante, whose "soul was like a star and dwelt apart." Not only do we read again the story of his marvellous, we might almost say his divine love for Beatrice, but we are astonished to find he was a man of like passions with ourselves. He had his littlenesses and infirmities of temper like the rest. Not only could he go down into the Infernal Regions and come back when he pleased, but he could personally belabour and anathematise his stupid contemporaries when they offended. Of one intolerable bore he asked, "What is the greatest beast in the world?" To which the intruder replied that, "according to Pliny, he thought it should be the elephant." "Very well," rejoined Dante; "O Elephant, do not bother me," and with that he departed. By the way, Mr. Horridge is surely not justified in the remark that "perhaps no single work, unless it be the Bible, has been the subject of so many commentaries as the 'Divine Comedy.'" To cite no other, Shakespeare—who came a considerable time after Dante—has doubtless long ago outstripped him in his legion of commentators.

The other biographies in the volume include Petrarch, Carmagnola, Machiavelli, Michel Angelo, Galileo, Goldoni, Alfieri, Cavour, and Victor Emanuel. The sketch of Petrarch, while giving as full an account as possible of his devotion to his beloved Laura, covers to a considerable extent, from the public point of view, the career of Rienzi the Tribune. Like all true patriots Petrarch lamented the vices of a corrupt Church, and welcomed the Deliverer. He was absorbed in his reforming zeal, and exclaimed, "Oh, if ever I could share in so illustrious a work, and in such glory!" Alas! he also lived to witness the Deliverer's fall, brought about by his vast ambition and love of splendour. Mr. Horridge has an interesting passage on the different treatment which Dante and Petrarch adopted in their writings towards historical personages like Brutus. Of Carmagnola we do not hear much now, yet he ranked amongst the most eminent commanders of the Middle Ages, and his end was very tragic. Machiavelli, who has given his name to tortuous methods of diplomacy for all time, has always been a subject of fierce controversy amongst partisans, his enemies seeing in him the apologist of despotism, the supporter of tyranny, and a scoffer and a cynic; while his friends have described him as a patriotic citizen, a laborious secretary, a faithful friend and an able and honest ambassador and administrator. Of Michel Angelo, Galileo and others, what can be said in any limits such as ours that has not been said already in their praise a thousand times? The memory of the unselfish Cavour will ever remain a treasured possession with his countrymen; but as regards Victor Emanuel, had it not been for his position as the first ruler of a united Italy, we could well have spared him for a sketch of the man who made him possible, Garibaldi.

There is, perhaps, little of originality in Mr. Horridge's biographies, but they are bright and readable, and calculated to act as an intellectual stimulus.

GOOD LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

"Pages and Pictures from Forgotten Children's Books." Brought together by Andrew W. Tuer. London: Leadenhall Press.

THE Editor of this amusing miscellany tells us that a captious person has informed him that this ought to be called "Children's Forgotten Books," and he seems to bow beneath the reproach, merely sighing that he is not responsible for the vagaries of the English

language. He ought to be more courageous, and speak with his enemies in the gate. The captious person is wrong, for "Children's-Books" is really a compound noun, and "forgotten" is the description of this and not of "Books" alone. The children may have had many books—Caesar, the Bible, cookery-books, the poetry of Mr. Hayley—but these are not in question. It is the books produced for the entertainment and instruction (oh! mainly the instruction) of children with which Mr. Tuer deals. We confess to some disappointment in finding that this is merely a scrap-book of fragments; not one entire work is reproduced; and we are slightly irritated at having each delectable narrative broken off at the most exciting point. "What is the use of tantalising that poor cat?" said Sophia, when Mary was persisting in teaching pussy (a young tiger half her own size) to beg. What is the use of tantalising us, Mr. Tuer, when we want to know what happened to vain Lucy Lutridge at the party, or to finish the enchanting poem of "The Whipping Top"?

These pages and pictures belong to volumes successively published during a good many years. Not all are dated, but some go back to 1788, and the latest are not earlier than 1830. We are surprised to find the general level of art and literature curiously stationary in them. If we compare "Cobwebs to Catch Flies" with "Richardson's New Primer," it is impossible to discover that any improvement in drawing, writing or reproduction had been made in the course of forty years.

If, for purposes of comparison, we think of the change made from 1850 to the age of Mr. Walter Crane and Miss Kate Greenaway, we shall see that we have lived in a period of the liveliest revolution, while our grandfathers were content to remain exactly where they were. Indeed, the designs of 1790, with their echoes of Gainsborough and Stothard, of Bewick and Romney, were often far more graceful than the later illustrations. All this time there was no modification of the conventional types. The adults grew, if anything, taller and more attenuated, the children shorter and plumper, the cats larger and more like furies, the lions smoother and more like old charwomen. Sometimes there are traces of trained talent; the pictures in the "Book of Trades" (1807), though rudely cut, were evidently drawn by an artist. "The Little Man and the Little Maid," of the same year, is really good grotesque. Sometimes the naïve conventionality of the draughtsman is touching; in "Ellen, or the Naughty Girl Reclaimed" (1811), the face of the heroine is so uniformly sweet, with a beautiful waxen smirk, that the poet has had to explain in the text that

"though her face is fair and mild,

You view a stubborn, naughty child;"

and, indeed, so complex is the human heart, this countenance of dreamy sweetness may really have been the home of one who slapped her mamma, met nurse with "scornful pride," and pinched the dog. Only we are convinced that if the artist could have painted a face distorted with malignant passion he would never (in 1811) have drawn the ingenuous virgin on p. 249.

It is odd by what circuitous routes we arrive at positive knowledge. We little thought when we opened "Forgotten Children's Books" that it would throw light on a question of prosody; but it does. We had always supposed that Edward Lear invented the now classic form of what we may call the Nonsense Epigram: we have quoted it as one of his main claims to immortality. It has therefore been no small shock to us to find that an anonymous bard, in 1821, was inspired to write,—

"There was an Old Woman of Gloucester,

Whose parrot two guineas it cost her;

But his tongue never-ceasing

Was vastly displeasing

To the talkative Woman of Gloucester."

We are afraid that dates make it impossible that this should have been an early work of the author of the "Book of Nonsense," and we can only remind ourselves that the man who plants cabbages imitates too.

The passion for good advice which permeates these

little works can but emphasise the laxity with which infancy is trained to-day. Sometimes the nature of the picture would seem to make it almost impossible for the author to be hortatory, yet he always succeeds. For instance, here is a print of a tipsy sailor, in a lonely lane, putting his arm violently round the waist of a fashionably dressed young lady, who screams while he tries to kiss her; his expression is deplorably lubricious. This was a hard nut for the author to crack, but he gets a good moral out of even this flinty picture. He bids us mark that the Tar is "carefully avoiding everything that is indiscreet" (good heavens!), and that he is declaring his sentiments to the young lady "with his natural bluntness and honesty." The "proverb," for so the author quaintly describes this indelicate design, is intended to teach the young to avoid "cowardice and supineness." So, again, an abominable drawing of dogs dragging the heavy burden of a cart leads to the reflection "Moderate labour conduces to health and cheerfulness." Dogs, as beasts of burden, constantly recur in these illustrations, and the treatment of them is always commended; this points to a very radical change of popular sentiment in this direction.

VERSE.

"Persephone, and other Poems." By Charles Camp Tarelli. London: Macmillan.

IF Mr. Tarelli's poems were a little better than they are they might serve as an excuse for reviving the old discussions about the suitability of the English language for experiments in classical metres. The inspiration here is, however, too infrequent to lend fitting dignity to the occasion, and Mr. Tarelli's hexameters serve chiefly to remind the reader of the difficulty of achieving a perfect spondee in English. Not even in Mr. Swinburne's most brilliant experiments it is easy to find quite satisfactory examples, and those fortuitously beautiful hexameters—why could not the Revisers have left them alone?—that crystallised themselves into the authorised version of the Scriptures are likewise unsatisfying in this respect—unless, indeed, one is of the opinion of that don who declared that the best English hexameter was to be found in the fourteenth verse of the forty-fifth chapter of the book of Genesis, and ran thus—

"Benjamin's neck and wept, and Benjamin wept upon his neck."

Here, truly, is a perfect final spondee; but Mr. Tarelli has, for the most part, to content himself with such weak words as "summer," "glory," "ever," and the like. It is clear that he has done his best, for the workmanship in "Persephone" is nearly always laborious, but unconcealed, and his ideas of mythology are eminently respectable. We find it, for our own part, hard to believe that the second syllable of "Melpomene" can properly be treated as long, even in English; but this would seem a small matter, if Mr. Tarelli's own muse had a more persuasive voice. The verse is smooth, and the epithets are correct; Zeus is broad-browed, Pluto is dark-browed, and the Fates are implacable; but we look in vain for a new cadence, an illuminating adjective, and the poem as a whole is as void of emotional impulse as the works of those knightly verse-mongers, Sir Lewis Morris and Sir Edwin Arnold. Nor do we care more for Mr. Tarelli's elegiacs, though in them he generously hails Catullus as a brother—somewhat, we should imagine, to the astonishment of the great Veronese. When he leaves classical ground, Mr. Tarelli is more pleasing, and in one sonnet—"Long Shut in Cities"—and in some passages of "A Song of Arrival and Departure" there are signs of genuine poetic vocation. These may be expected to grow plainer when he has become able to shut his ears to the echoes, and echoes of echoes, of his stronger contemporaries, but at present he has nothing personal to say. He is so obviously sincere and earnest in his endeavours after technical completeness that when he finds something of importance to say—as we think he will—he will probably say it excellently well. Meanwhile we would counsel Mr. Tarelli to forget all his classical lore—all except the story of Icarus.

RECENT FICTION.

"Wild Eelin." By William Black. London: Sampson Low.

MR. WILLIAM BLACK is a gentleman for whom we have no little sympathy. There can be few harder lots than that of the novelist who is condemned by the demands of an indiscriminating public to persist year after year in ringing the changes upon a small and well-defined number of circumstances and characters, without ever daring to depart from the ancient formula. The materials that go to the making of a Black novel are as limited as they are familiar, and it must require no little courage on the part of their author to attempt any variation in their plan. Therefore we take leave to congratulate Mr. Black on the courage with which, in "Wild Eelin," he has boldly done without a yacht, and has even gone so far as to abandon a happy ending. The story otherwise is not particularly remarkable. The heroine is the familiar wayward creature, compact of sweetness and wildness, whom we have met so often in Mr. Black's company; there is a rather attractive young man whose poetic genius enables him to rise from a draper's shop to an editorial chair; and there is a wholly worthy Canadian who, having amassed a fortune by railway speculation, returns to the home of his Highland ancestors and plays the part of the benevolent providence all round. In these, and indeed in all the characters, there seems to be more strength and vitality than we are accustomed to expect from Mr. Black, and it is not perhaps too much to hope that, having thus dared to depart from his own traditions, he may presently give us a novel of more than merely transient interest.

"The Queen's Serf." By Elsa D'Esterre-Keeling. London: Fisher Unwin.

Miss D'Esterre-Keeling has hit upon an idea which we do not remember to have seen exploited in fiction before. It is that of a man who, having been hanged for a murder which he did not commit, is cut down and resuscitated by his friends; but, owing to the state of the English law early in the eighteenth century, he still remains under a ban as a "Queen's Serf," and is obliged to quit the country until such time as he can prove his innocence. This idea is developed with considerable ingenuity, and the thrilling adventures through which Ambrose Gwinnett passes on his way from undeserved shame to honour wear for the most part an air of complete reality. Miss D'Esterre-Keeling has a particularly irritating habit of interrupting her narrative by quite superfluous assurances of the historical accuracy of her descriptions. This apart, the story is well invented and well written.

"The King's Henchman." By William Henry Johnson. London: Gay.

It is no particular unkindness to Mr. Johnson to say that "The King's Henchman" would hardly have been written if Mr. Stanley Weyman had not shown how fertile in material for the historical romancer were the times of Henry of Navarre. It is plain, too, that Mr. Johnson has studied to considerable profit the methods of Mr. Weyman; and the result is a story which, though at times it seems oddly familiar, goes with a very creditable swing from start to finish. The various exciting adventures of Jean Fourcade, Henry's foster-brother, are set forth with considerable spirit, and although Mr. Johnson has created no very original characters, they are all credible and interesting enough. The ending of the story is needlessly tragic, for it would have involved no unworthy concession to vulgar taste if Fourcade had at last been allowed to be happy with the woman for whom he fought so valiantly.

"Dead Selves." By Julia Magruder. London: Bowden.

It is so hard for the modern novelist of manners to bring originality into the drawing-room that we are not inclined to be grudging in our praise of Mrs. Magruder's very original and powerful tale, which clearly proves her right to be included in the scanty handful of com-

petent American novelists. The story she has to tell is one entirely of spiritual conflict and development, and it is by no means a small tribute to her skill to say that she has told it without the smallest suggestion of sanctimonious sentiment. Duncan Fraser, the brilliant scientist who is stopped, by the exhaustion of his own fortune, on the threshold of his greatest discovery, proposes marriage to a rich and beautiful widow, Mrs. Gwyn. She, while yet a young and ignorant girl, was persuaded to marriage with a semi-imbecile, the result of the union being a child which reproduced in more loathsome form the father's weakness of mind and body. It is Fraser's scientific enthusiasm alone which enables him to overcome his contempt for a woman who has degraded herself in this fashion, and the marriage he proposes is to be a purely business-like arrangement, he, in return for her financial aid in his enterprise, giving her position and protection. From this simple situation Mrs. Magruder has evolved a spiritual tragedy of singular poignancy, in which the imbecile child, unheard and unseen, plays a part almost as terrible as that of the dead priest in "Les Aveugles." The active influence for good is exercised by Fraser's mother, a very beautiful and lovable character, who leads the younger woman to complete the fulfilment of her highest possibilities. It is difficult to describe such a story without conveying an entirely false impression of hysterical piety, a quality which is vigorously excluded from Mrs. Magruder's scheme. The moral intention of the book is obviously high, but Mrs. Magruder's art as a storyteller is so considerable that her book is a really remarkable instance of good intention joined to competent execution.

"The Terror." By Félix Gras. Translated from the Provençal by Catherine A. Janvier. London: Heinemann.

Possibly the only entirely inexcusable thing in a romance is lack of interest, and this is a defect with which the author of the present book cannot be charged. But as much of the charm of a romance depends upon the excitements of its plot, it is surprising that so alert a writer of this kind of fiction as M. Gras should adopt what has become an absurd convention of disclosing the fate of his characters in a prefatory note which he calls a prologue. This so-called prologue is really an epilogue placed at the wrong end of the book, and we can only suppose that it exists where it does as a concession to the reader who likes to take his novel backwards. We find this transposition of the parts merely irritating. Interesting as M. Gras's story certainly is, it would have been infinitely more interesting if he had revealed the events in their natural order. It is, for instance, suggested in the prologue that Adeline, the heroine, dies in the convent of the Ursulines at Avignon, and the fate of the poor creature haunts us through a story of some four hundred pages. To what end, one wonders, all this pother, all these palpitating terrors, if this has to be the manner of the final catastrophe? M. Gras would have been amply justified in permitting his curtain to fall where it usually falls in melodrama. For his story is sheerly melodrama, and excellent melodrama of its kind; it never touches the profounder emotions of tragedy, and the fate of the heroine which is foreshadowed in the prologue is scarcely the inevitable outcome of a soul's tragedy. M. Gras is indeed more concerned with depicting harrowing incidents than with the analysis of souls. His story is a story of suspense; it arouses much the same emotions in the reader as the spectacle of some brutal sport in which the thing hunted is always on the point of being torn to pieces, and always just escapes. And the reader is carried away by the excitement of the chase. The characters in an episode of this sort are not of much importance, but M. Gras contrives to interest us in his personages, even in those terrible creatures, Surto, La Jacarasse and Calisto, faithful enough types of infamous humanity which the French Revolution cast for a moment to the surface. The narrative is told with vivacity, with humour. If M. Gras observes life with a melodramatic eye, his glance is pretty comprehensive, and his picture of a terrible time has many happy effects of light and shade.

"Lincolnshire Tales." By Mabel Peacock. London: Simpkin, Marshall.

What pleasure there is to be derived from these tales is scarcely the kind of pleasure which one looks for in the short story. They are, in a way, essays in realism, but not that realism which is also art. Miss Peacock takes for her mouthpiece a perfectly realisable rural bore, one Eli Twigg, a sort of universal local character, and with plenty of interesting things to say he bores us to death by his manner of saying them. The author is certainly unfortunate in selecting such a medium of interpretation; for many of the stories (some are merely anecdotes) handled by a more sophisticated person than Mr. Twigg might have appealed to a larger audience than that of a local paper, the only quarter where they would be likely to meet with much appreciation. Miss Peacock has insight into local character and much too extended a sympathy with local humour, else would she not have realised that the prolixity of Mr. Twigg scarcely makes for art? This is the more regrettable as some of the stories are excellent in themselves, as "The Story of Luke"; and some of the anecdotes really amusing, as "Ned Sturt's Grew." If the book has little value as fiction, as a document containing faithful transcripts of Lincolnshire folk-speech it may serve as a useful record.

"The Love of a Former Life." By Charles J. H. Halcombe. London: Long.

The theory upon which this novel is based is that people of past ages live again in the future, meet the same people they met in years gone by, and do, apparently, the same stupid things they did in those times. It is to be hoped they did not talk in the same hysterically love-struck fashion when they were killing time on the Cœlian hills of the "Eternal City" in Nero's day, as they do when they come to life again in the nineteenth century. How thoughtless, too, was it of Lucina and Liello not to meet before she had married some one else. She knew, so we are told, that they must meet, and much bother and suicide might have been saved.

"The Yellow Danger: A Romance." By M. P. Shiel. London: Richards.

Mr. Shiel has published his romance at the proper moment; but unlike most books issued to catch a passing craze, it is really well done. The thing that strikes us about it most is its audacity. It is horrible, exciting, impossible, alluring, fascinating; but, above all, it is audacious. The over-running of the world by the Chinese is, of course, not Mr. Shiel's own idea, but the building of a seemingly plausible and exhilarating story round that idea surely is. Dr. Yen How is going to wipe all the people from the face of the earth except the yellow race. It is of little moment to us that he is going to do this in order to secure a servant girl who once refused him "one little kiss." Indeed, as soon as John Hardy, the Englishman, appears on the scene we forget all about the motives. Now John Hardy is a much greater man than Dr. Yen How, and he shows it before long. Yen How captures him and tortures him in China, but as we know how they do these things in China, we pass the details by rather off-handedly. When John Hardy starts frustrating Yen How's plans and the nations commence destroying each other; when whole navies get blown up and something like 200 million people are dropped down the Maelstrom; when in fact Yen How is trapped and defeated at every turn, and all Europe is at war, with the German Emperor leading a detachment of England's soldiers to battle, one almost holds one's breath in amazement.

"Jason Edwards and the Little Norsk." By Hamlin Garland. London: Thacker.

Mr. Hamlin Garland's books always merit serious attention, and the one before us should go towards the making of a firm reputation. He is an American and writes with strength and force. The scenes and characters of the two stories which make up the volume are of the other side the Atlantic, and so

Mr. Garland has the advantage of being able to write about what he knows. The first story is a pathetic one of the struggle a man has with his pride. Fate is against him, but he will have no charity of any one. The narrative of his ups and downs—or rather downs, for he does not ascend the ladder of fortune—is told with conviction. The second story, "A Little Norsk," has a still stronger note in it, and presents a vivid and natural picture of the love of two bachelors for a child they have rescued from death out in the prairie. In it we have the true touch and feeling necessary for the perfect picture, and we find ourselves keenly following it through to the end, never wearying. The publishers have only put the title of one of the two stories, and that not the better, on the cover of the book; we suppose to lead the library readers into thinking it an orthodox one-volume novel.

"Esther's Pilgrimage." By J. Henry Harris. London: Macqueen.

This, says the author in a postscript, is the simple story of a pilgrimage completed before some of the restless longings of to-day had taken shape in the souls of women. We cannot but approve of the adjective he uses in describing his story: it is severely simple. The author describes it in a second title as "New Notes on Old Strings." We have found it an old tune with a very bald accompaniment. It may interest and please simple maids.

"The Journalist." By C. F. Keary. London: Methuen.

"Not so much a drama of human things as—no, really, it's impossible for me to put it into words. . . . I fancy a sort of masque, but in a sense more childish and direct—the immediate impressions on the imagination by things from the outside."

Thus Mr. Keary's hero, on page 203, and, to our mind, it might as well have been the author in person. The book is full of "impressions on the imagination by things from the outside"; what most novelists treat as their raw material, and labour upon in order to offer a finished fabric to the public, Mr. Keary presents on its own merits—the reader may take it or leave it. That many will not only leave it, but jeer at it is quite obvious to him: his own quotation from Gautier, which he describes as having influenced Dick Vaux, would bring that possibility home to him. . . . "théâtre que j'aime, c'est le théâtre fantastique, où l'honnête public sifflera impitoyablement dès la première scène, faute d'y comprendre un mot." "Once having got in," adds the author, "to find one's way back to the things of every day—this is the toil, this is the task."

And it is precisely the kind of toil that does not result in a coherent novel. Mr. Keary's materials are always unmanageable, and this time they are more so than ever. He never appears to have made up his mind to pick and choose what he shall present. Daily life in the lump, with its down-sitting and its uprising, is reported for half-a-dozen chapters at a time; not an inane conversation—seeming to lead somewhere, but invariably turning out a *cul de sac*—is left out. It is as real as shaving—and far duller. Then suddenly will come what at first sight appears to be a new departure, though it is only the same method applied to internal processes instead of external. The result is incoherent, just as life would be incoherent, taken verbatim. It is a protest against "the English people who always want everything to mean something (page 98). A theme is the only sort of writing they have any idea of." Not at all. A novel need not be an Orchardson picture, but a photograph without a focus is not so very much better after all.

However, incoherent or not, there is good stuff in the book. There is an honest attempt to put something into words that has not been put into words before. "The Voices" that half inspire, half torment Dick Vaux will find many an echo in the nineteenth-century consciousness. So will the endless doubt as to whether the inspiration is to be followed or the torment simply driven out of the system with a dose of common sense. Dick oscillates between the two as most of us have done in our time. He sees, for instance, the

obvious absurdity of the thing while Jonsen the Dane is telling him how a bat has for him a suggestion of a personal friend of his own. "How, in the name of all that's mad?" he asks, and most readers would ask the same. The imaginative few will go away a little impressed with Jonsen's answer: "You've a right to associate anything in Nature with your personal experience if your imagination tells you to," &c. That "right" seems to us one of Mr. Keary's various key-notes. It is questionable whether an English writer could have arrived at it without Ibsen.

For the rest, the plot is no particular plot. The woman, Clare, does not much matter, except that her "maternal" theory of love is yet one more excuse for the stale old longings that are smothered in apologies already. The absence of any definite conclusion to her "affair" with the Journalist would be provoking if she had managed to rouse in us a stronger interest. That "the white fingers of Dawn began to draw aside the curtains of the day," however satisfactory, hardly clinches the situation, although it ends the book. The fingers of the Dawn have been "rosy" since literature began. And those of Mr. Keary's readers who have heard nothing but lunacy in his Voices will want to know—all sorts of things. The seventh commandment, if a little overworked, is at least always intelligible.

(For This Week's Books see page 450.)

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THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

No. 260. OCTOBER 1898.

- SHOULD EUROPE DISARM? By SIDNEY LOW.
THE RITUALIST CONSPIRACY. By LADY WIMBORNE.
THE BENEFICES ACT. By the Right Hon. EARL FORTESCUE.
THE FRENCH PEOPLE. By His Excellency SIR HUBERT JERNINGHAM, K.C.M.G.
THE INVENTOR OF DYNAMITE. By HENRY DE MOSENTHAL.
FELLAH SOLDIERS, OLD AND NEW. By JOHN MACDONALD.
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THE ART TREASURES IN AMERICA. (Concluded.) By WILLIAM SHARP.
ROUGH NOTES ON THE BIRDS OF THE BASS ROCK. By Hon. WALTER ROTHSCHILD.
THE STORY OF MURAT AND BENTINCK. By WALTER FREWEN LORD.
ANOTHER CATHOLIC'S VIEW OF "HELBECK OF BANNISDALE." By Professor ST. GEORGE MIVART.
THE COMING STRUGGLE IN THE PACIFIC. By BENJAMIN TAYLOR.
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Students are classed on entrance according to their proficiency, and terminal reports of the progress and conduct of matriculated students are sent to their parents and guardians. There are Entrance Scholarships and Exhibitions.

Students who are desirous of studying any particular subject or subjects, without attending the complete course of the various faculties, can be admitted as non-matriculated students on payment of the separate fees for such classes as they select.

There are a few vacancies for resident students. The College has an entrance both from the Strand and from the Thames Embankment, close to the Temple Station. For prospectus and all information apply to THE SECRETARY, King's College, London, W.C.

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By their Steamship "LUSITANIA," 3912 tons register:—To the MEDITERRANEAN and the BLACK SEA, embarking passengers at VILLEFRANCHE (Nice) on 30 September. (Passengers leave LONDON 29 September.) The following places will be visited:—PALERMO, CONSTANTINOPLE, SEBASTOPOL, BALAKLAVA, YALTA (for Livadia), BATOUUM (for Tiflis), PIRCEUS (for Athens), CANEA (Crete), MALTA, ALGIERS, GIBRALTAR. The Steamer will arrive back in LONDON 8 November. String Band. Electric Light. High-class cuisine. Managers: F. GREEN & CO. Head Offices: ANDERSON, ANDERSON & CO. Fenchurch Avenue. For passage apply to the latter firm, at 5 Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C., or to the West End Branch Office, 16 Cockspur Street, S.W.

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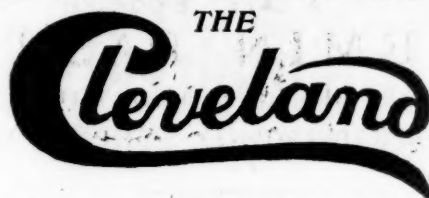
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The Cyclist, Stanley Show Report,
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**1038 ADMISSIONS FOR A MONTH EACH ISSUED LAST YEAR.
FUNDS MOST URGENTLY NEEDED.**

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FRANK MAITLAND, *Secretary.*

The Hospital for Sick Children,

GREAT ORMOND STREET, W.C.

SPECIAL APPEAL for £30,000

THE Committee have been forced to purchase the adjoining Hospital of St. John and St. Elizabeth for the reasons stated below.

They appeal for immediate help in completing the sum of £10,000.

This sum of £10,000 has been paid as the first instalment of the purchase money, and the Committee have been obliged to borrow £5,000 for this purpose.

REASONS FOR THE ABOVE APPEAL.

1. Because our neighbours were going to build a new Hospital which would have most gravely affected the light and air of the Hospital for Sick Children.
2. Because it is absolutely necessary to improve the accommodation for our Nurses.
3. Because this purchase will provide 40 Nurses with a bedroom each.
4. Because this extra accommodation will enable the Committee to open a Whooping Cough Ward, with 16 Beds, which is an urgent necessity.
5. Because this purchase has given us a Garden of about half an acre, in which the Children can enjoy that air and sunshine which child life so specially needs when in Hospital.

Cheques and Postal Orders will be gladly received and acknowledged by

ADRIAN HOPE, Secretary.

Her Majesty the Queen has been the Patron of this Institution for 50 Years.

ROYAL HOSPITAL FOR Diseases of the Chest,

CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

President—THE LORD ROTHSCHILD.

Treasurer—S. HOPE MORLEY, Esq.

Chairman of the Council—SIR THOMAS DE LA RUE, BART.

Vice-Chairman—THE HON. LIONEL ASHLEY.

THIS Hospital was the first of its kind established in Europe, and has uninterruptedly since 1814 carried on its great work in the midst of the suffering poor of the metropolis.

It treats annually about 750 IN-PATIENTS, who come from all parts of the country, and the ATTENDANCES OF OUT-PATIENTS EACH YEAR NUMBER ABOUT 25,000.

The Charity's Income from all sources does not exceed £3000, whereas its ANNUAL EXPENDITURE averages £8000, leaving an ANNUAL DEFICIT OF £5000.

DONATIONS AND SUBSCRIPTIONS are earnestly solicited, and may be sent direct to the Treasurer, or to the

Secretary, JOHN HARROLD.

HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTION AND DISEASES OF THE CHEST, BROMPTON.

PATRON.

Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen.

THE HOSPITAL contains 321 Beds, and in 1897 received 1681 In-patients—13,098 Out-patients were also treated.

The yearly requirements of the Hospital cannot be estimated at less than £25,000 a year.

Further, it has been decided, upon the unanimous and urgent advice of the Medical staff, to establish a

Country Branch and Convalescent Home,

and it is estimated that £20,000 will be needed to inaugurate this new departure.

The Charity, being UNENDOWED, is dependent on Donations, Annual Subscriptions, and Legacies, CONTRIBUTIONS are therefore earnestly solicited in aid of both objects.

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LONDON, W.**

"THE JUMPERS" GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED.**RESULTS FOR AUGUST.**

Crushed	13,000 tons.
Obtained from Mill	4182 ozs. of Gold.
Obtained from Concentrates by Cyanide	785 "
Obtained from Tailings by Cyanide	1357 "
Total	6,324 "
Profit for Month	£9,250.

ANDREW MOIR, *London Secretary.*London Office: 120 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C.
10 September, 1898.**GELDENHUIS ESTATE AND GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED.****RESULTS FOR AUGUST.**

A CABLEGRAM has been received from the Head Office, Johannesburg, stating the following results for last month:—

Crushed	17,023 tons.
Obtained from Mill	6853 ozs. of Gold.
Obtained from Concentrates by Cyanide	953 "
Obtained from Tailings by Cyanide	2786 "
Obtained from Slimes	1140 "
Obtained from Bye Products	57 "
Total	11,798 "

ANDREW MOIR, *London Secretary.*London Office: 120 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C.
10 September, 1898.**GELDENHUIS ESTATE AND GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED.**

COPY OF CABLEGRAM RECEIVED FROM HEAD OFFICE, JOHANNESBURG, reading:—

"Last Month's (AUGUST) Profit was £24,324."

ANDREW MOIR, *London Secretary.*London Office: 120 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C.
10 September, 1898.**GLYNN'S LYDENBURG, LIMITED.****DIGEST OF MANAGER'S REPORT for the month of JULY, 1898.****MINING OPERATIONS—**Feet driven, risen, and sunk during the month ... 522 feet.
Ore extracted during the month ... 1647 tons.**MILLING OPERATIONS—**

15 Stamps ran 30 days 4 hours, crushing 1816 tons, yielding 613'316 ozs. fine gold.

CYANIDING—

1144 tons of Sands were treated during the month, making a total of 2200 tons for June and July, yielding 645 ozs. fine gold.

SLIMES PLANT—

527 tons of Slimes were treated during the month, making a total of 1009 tons for June and July, yielding 365 ozs. fine gold.

There is a considerable amount of gold recoverable from bye products from Sands and Slimes Plant.

CONSTRUCTION—

The subsidiary water race is now completed, and delivering water in the Main Water Race.

NATIVE LABOUR—

The Supply of Native Labour has further improved during the month.

No rainfall to record for July.

Johannesburg, 18 August, 1898. (Signed) R. CAMERER, *Secretary.*

Issued from London Office: 120 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C.

12 September, 1898.

ANDREW MOIR, *London Secretary.***CROWN REEF GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED.****WORKING RESULTS FOR AUGUST (received by Cablegram)**

Number of days working 120 Stamp Mill	29 days, 15 hours.
Crushed by 120 Stamp Mill	17,557 tons.
Yield in smelted Gold from 120 Stamp Mill	7923 ozs.
Yield in smelted Gold from 120 Stamp Cyanide Works	4067 "
Yield in Smelted Gold from Slimes Works	278 "
Total	12,268 "

WORKING EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

120 Stamp Mill and Cyanide and Slimes Works	17,557 tons milled.
To Mining, Transport, Milling Cyanide, Treatment of Slimes, General Charges, Maintenance, and Mine Development	£21,295 0 0
Profit for month	22,910 0 0
	£44,136 0 0

By GOLD ACCOUNT—

7923 ozs. from 120 Stamp Mill	£28,239 0 0
4067 ozs. from 120 Stamp Cyanide Works	14,591 0 0
278 ozs. from Slimes Works	1,030 0 0
Other Revenue	176 0 0
	£44,136 0 0

Revenue per ton crushed	£2 10 3/32
Cost per ton crushed	1 4 2/15
Profit per ton crushed	1 6 1/17

ANDREW MOIR, *London Secretary.*London Office: 120 Bishopsgate Street, Within, E.C.
9 September, 1898.**BONANZA, LIMITED.****MANAGER'S REPORT for the Month of August, 1898.****MINE.**

Number of feet driven, risen, and sunk, exclusive of stopes	558 feet.
Ore and waste mined	7722 tons
Less waste sorted out	1810 "
Balance milled	5912 tons.
Percentage of South Reef mined	57 per cent.
Percentage of Main Reef Leader mined	43 "
Waste sorted	23'6 "

MILL.

Stamps	40
Running time	29 days 14 hrs. 6 mins.
Tons milled	5912 tons.
Smelted gold bullion	3412'70 ozs.
Equivalent in fine gold	4699'62 "

SANDS AND SLIMES WORKS.

Yield in bullion	2810'63 ozs.
Equivalent in fine gold	2401'48 "

TOTAL YIELD.

Yield in fine gold from all sources	7101'10 ozs.
" " " " per ton milled	24'02 dwt

WORKING EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.**On a basis of 5912 Tons Milled.**

Mining	£3,214 9 11
Crushing and Sorting	771 0 10
Milling	1,213 19 4
Cyaniding	1,411 3 1
Slimes	712 3 11
H. O. Expenses	213 3

Development Redemption	£7,536 0 9
	1,847 10 0

Profit for Month	£9,383 10 9
	20,441 1 5

	£29,824 12 2
--	--------------

By MILL GOLD:	Value.
4699'62 ozs. fine gold	£19,738 8 0

By CYANIDE GOLD:	
2401'48 ozs. fine gold	10,086 4 2

	£29,824 12 2
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CAPITAL EXPENDITURE.

The Capital Expenditure for the Month of August is as follows:

Development	£2,688 27 0
Main Shaft	391 17 7

	3,080 14 7
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Less Development Redemption charged under Working Costs	1,847 10 0
	£1,233 4 7

GEO. D. STONESTREET, *Acting Manager.***TRANSVAAL GOLD MINING ESTATES, LIMITED.****DIVIDEND No. 1.****DIVIDEND ON SHARES TO BEARER.**

HOLDERS of Share Warrants to Bearer are informed that they will receive payment, on or after Wednesday, the 5th of October, of Dividend No. 1 (2s. per Share) on presentation of Coupon No. 1 either at the London Offices of the Company, 120 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C., or at the Head Office in Johannesburg.

Coupons must be left FOUR CLEAR DAYS for examination at either of the Offices mentioned above, and may be presented any day (Saturday excepted) between the hours of 11 and 2. Listing forms may be had on application.

By Order, ANDREW MOIR, *London Secretary.*

London Office, 120 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C.

29 September, 1898.

LOCKWOOD AND CO.**STOCK and MINING SHARE DEALERS,**

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ESTABLISHED 1896.

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